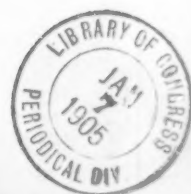


Collier's

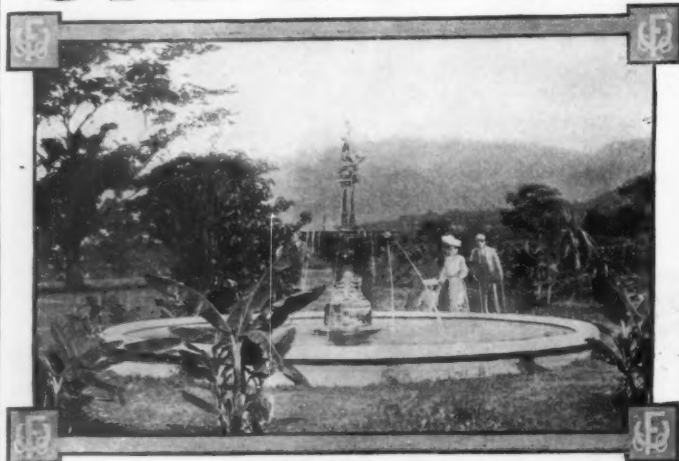
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



ANNUAL
REVIEW
NUMBER

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Now helps her through,
And tells her when
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They're so polite
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The other day a sturdy little fellow of five was placed aboard a Lackawanna train in Chicago.

He was to make the journey alone to Germany.

In his jacket was a tag, telling his destination.

All the way to New York he was under the care of Lackawanna attendants, who saw that he had every attention, and one of whom placed him aboard the steamer for Germany, on arrival in New York.

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Said Noah Lot: Going to California? I went by the Southern route—saw Old Mexico. Returning I came by way of Manitou—spent four hours in the Garden of the Gods—no extra charge.

Replied Dr. Wise: You must have traveled on the Rock Island—no other road offers such inducements.

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It costs more to live in the north than to be comfortable in California. You should go to California this winter for health, for rest, for change of scene and new experiences and the grand good time you are sure to have if you go on the Rock Island's

Golden State Limited

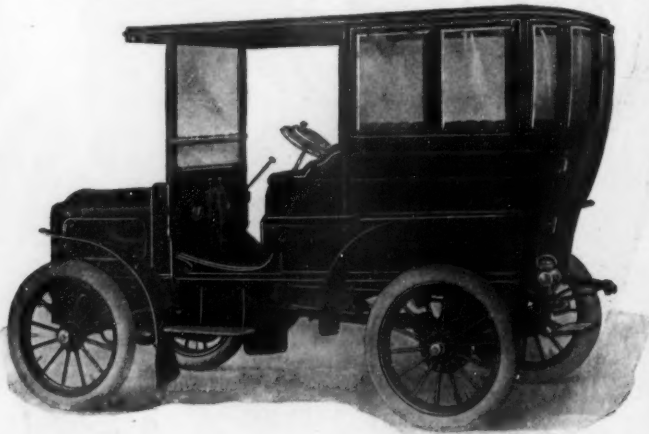
It's the train and the route that "makes" the trip. The train makes it luxurious. The route is the best because it is the most southern and makes it delightfully comfortable. Every mile is a mile away from winter.

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THE RELATIONS OF LABOR TO CAPITAL, and of both to the public, create one of the most difficult problems of the era. Ethically, the ideal solution would seem to be in a fair division of the produce between the two productive forces, instead of the present system of more or less fixed compensation for the employees. There are new evils of monopoly in each branch. The amount of practical monopoly by employers constantly increases. The unions have also made monopolies of the supply of labor of particular classes in particular localities, and often these monopolies are managed unfairly and unwisely. If the trades unions were made independent contractors for the supply of their labor, there might be fewer strikes and employers might be able to determine more definitely the cost of labor; but this would mean that the open shop and free labor would be destroyed, that the monopoly of the unions would be even more complete than at present, and that there might be danger of the laborers themselves

PROFIT-SHARING

suffering through fraud and mismanagement of those in charge of their unions. The usual objections to trades unions as at present constituted may thus be summed up: (1) They result in a monopoly of a particular class of labor, with the evils that always attend monopolies; (2) they destroy the independent laborer, and (3) they lower the standard of the laborers by preventing the more industrious and more capable from obtaining the rewards of their industry and ability. It is generally held by independent thinkers that no satisfactory solution is possible unless the freedom of the laborer is secured, and unless industry and ability are given their reward. The object to be accomplished is to make it to the interest of every employee to give his own best efforts and to secure the best efforts of his co-employees, by giving to each employee a reward proportionate, as nearly as may be, to his industry and merit. This result can be attained only by giving the employees a share of the profits of the business of the employer, and the employer can afford to give up a share of his profit if thereby he can secure greater industry and more intelligent effort on the part of his employees.

THE EMPLOYEES IN EACH BUSINESS or enterprise might constitute a separate union, interested in the success of this business or enterprise. They might act through a committee chosen by them in such manner as to represent the different classes of employees. A contract could be made between the employer and the union of his employees, and every employee could be hired on the terms of this contract. The contract should provide for the payment of specified minimum wages to the employees of each class and for the division among them, at stated periods, of any agreed share of the profits, each employee to receive a share proportionate to the minimum wages earned by him during the period when the profits were earned. Piecework should be introduced whenever practicable. The employer should retain the right to select and discharge his employees, but if such action in any case should be objected to by the committee, or if there should be any other difference which could not be adjusted by conference between the employer and the committee, it should be submitted to an arbitrator chosen by lot from among several named in the agreement. Of course, such a desirable relation could only be brought about gradually by proving its advantage to the laborers, and thus overcoming a natural prejudice against anything that might weaken the present unions. Practical methods of working under such arrangements could be evolved only gradually by experiment, and moreover there are many kinds of labor to which the plan could not be applied at all. It could be tested most easily in the management of some factory having a steady business and employing a moderate number of persons. Of course, somewhat different arrangements would have to be made according to the nature of the business. Thus, if a builder should contract to put up a house, he should agree to pay to all of his employees definite minimum wages, and then divide among them, in proportion to the sums earned by them during construction, a certain share of the profit on completion of the building. We pretend to no dogmatic opinions on such details, but it does seem obviously true that profit-sharing is just, and when a plan is just we should feel competent soon or late to devise methods for its practical execution.

SPECIFIC SUGGESTIONS

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VANITY AND PRETENCE call naturally for ridicule, but in laughing at the Hon. THOMAS WILLIAM LAWSON we had no intention of denying his utility, as some of our readers appear to think. Mr. LAWSON is described in his "Who's Who" autobiography

as "banker and broker, yachtsman, author," which reminds us a little, in its scansion, of rich man, poor man, beggar man, and so forth. He is alleged to be "prominent as yachtsman," and a contributor to magazines, reviews, and newspapers, since 1875, a period of thirty years, dating from a time when he was eighteen. His autobiography relates that of one of his works, a "History of the Republican Party," there were two editions, one a large illustrated quarto, the other a special edition on satin, consisting of four copies, one of which was presented to President HARRISON, one to Vice-President MORTON, and one to the Library of Congress, the fourth being retained by the author. This was in 1888, but we trust the author still has his copy. Mr. LAWSON blushingly enumerates, among his works, "The Krank," in 1887; "Secrets of Success," in 1888; a collection of short stories and poems, and the LAWSON history of the America's Cup, for private distribution. We are inclined to think, nevertheless, that his most important accomplishment is his last, in which, as Sir GALAHAD, he attacks the Standard Oil group of financiers in newspapers and in "Everybody's Magazine." This side of his activity should be envisaged in contrasting parts. It is to be remembered that after his attacks send copper down in Wall Street, Mr. LAWSON buys, and is credited with making a million dollars out of one recent onslaught. Therefore we can not recommend him to the many thousand lambs who seek prophets to guide them, through gambling, to sudden wealth. They may be pinched where he grows rich, and he will give them the most virtuous of reasons for the incident. But with all this LAWSON is doing some good. We think he is doing a lot of good. He brings some discredit on more honest investigators, but he is whetting the public conscience, and, mixed with his inventions, is much information that an ordinary critic could not get. "Is LAWSON a fraud or a useful witness who has turned State's evidence?" one of our readers asks. We answer, both; and natural optimism leads us to believe that his contributions to our knowledge of dishonest American finance outweigh in lasting import the effects of his distorting luridness or of the havoc which he raises with innocents who think they can gain wealth by following his advertisements. As a gambler observed in St. Louis, one thing that LAWSON has to his credit is that he has done something toward destroying the permanent market for gold bricks in the United States.

LAWSON
PRO AND CON

THE PITY OF DISHONEST FINANCE is not in the destruction it wreaks among the lambs, or in the blows below the belt that the protagonists deliver to one another. It is the small, honest, unspeculative investor who lends the touch of deep pathos to the game carried on by the big gamblers and tricksters. In England insurance companies are looked upon as something almost as holy as the British constitution. The most important specific thing that Mr. LAWSON has done to date is to cast a cloud upon some of our great insurance companies that will make it necessary either for them to clear themselves or for the Government to go far along the lines suggested by Commissioner GARFIELD. Mr. LAWSON has not proved the acts charged against the heads of the great insurance companies. Only libel suits would bring the matter where the charges could be proved or disproved. But what Mr. LAWSON has done already is to show the possibility of such improper manipulation by big operators of funds which are supposed to be absolutely safe and pure. The most serious accomplishment by LAWSON thus far is this putting of the great insurance companies on their defence. They are now in a position where they ought to show not only that the misuse of power is not a fact, but that it is not a possibility.

LAWSON AND
INSURANCE

OF ALL HUMAN INSTITUTIONS none is full of deeper ironies than punishment for crime. "Is justice in France as absurd as the DREYFUS trial made outsiders think?" we asked a scholarly and fair-minded Frenchman. "Yes," said he, "as absurd as it is everywhere and always." Yet that punishment is necessary almost every one agrees, with a few great men in the minority. The innocent are sometimes slaughtered; the "guilty" are often no more depraved than others who break no law; the very punishments we inflict cause new crimes; families starve or become depraved because a single member is in prison, and yet depriving individuals of life and liberty seems a necessity of our being. One kind of case has become unfortunately conspicuous in America the last few years. A woman of bad character is accused of shooting a man who has decided to end relations with her. Through the agency of yellow



journals a wave of sympathy is worked up for the woman, and when she is acquitted she can speedily become rich upon the vaudeville stage. What does this sympathy mean? It means that such women will come more and more to think they have a proprietary right in the man who has become entangled with them. Of this view the consequences would reach far. A father, wishing to urge his son away from such a companionship, might hesitate to do so, when he thought of the ready pistol and the immunity

PUNISHMENT AND CRIME

lent by a sentimental public. A wife would inflict a similar peril on her husband if she sought to recall him from a wrong, or lend assistance to his own repentance. The public should do some thinking about the consequences before it creates a widespread sympathy with the class of women who shoot to maintain irregular relations. Heaven knows there is no need of feeling superior to them, or of throwing stones at anybody. Realizing that we are all miserable sinners, we can yet see that for the general safety certain crimes must be met with austere punishment. The complicated machinery of our criminal law, encouraging technical delays and tricks, helps to make such trials long drawn out for the public contemplation. Nevertheless it is always to be remembered, when change in procedure is contemplated, that the English system would be safe only with their superior judges.

HEROISM AND REWARDS have little to do with each other.

When GARIBALDI, according to the tradition, told his followers that they would have to give up everything, and that their recompense would be suffering and death, he appealed to the roots of the heroic. In Manchuria to-day Japanese and Russians are fighting as bravely as men have ever fought, not because one race believes one thing about life hereafter, and the other believes another thing, but because they are full of the material that, since history began, has been found in men, making them do what was set for them to do, whatever the cost might be. KUROPATKIN declared in the spring that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Tokio. The Russians boast, and prove themselves as brave as anybody. The Japanese do not boast; it is not according to their taste; but they do deeds of valor which no race could surpass, and do them, not in any frenzy, but with at least as much calm and judgment as an Anglo-Saxon. There is something inspiring, in spite of all our humane progress, in the thought that such doings are possible to-day as have been enacted for so many months around Port Arthur. Every new report that comes to us confirms the view that in the present war the most dauntless valor has been combined with watchful discretion. The virtue of physical courage is often preached so that it swells and blusters harshly, but it can still be preached with sad sincerity, and it can be practiced so that it seems part and foundation of much that is noble in our lives. An intrepid courage, according to one great Englishman, "is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue—I mean good nature—are of daily use." Yet we are so constructed that when physical courage ceases to be part of the male's constitution we are in a state of degeneracy where all our virtues tend to disappear. Courage is the great male virtue and will be found in all strong races. The world admires it, and the world thinks better of both Russia and Japan to-day than it did a year ago.

PHYSICAL COURAGE

OVERDOING ONE TRUTH always makes it easier to overdo the opposite. Nowhere do extremes have a better chance than in the field of health. If some parents never allow a child to eat anything unwholesome, or to go out without elaborate adaptation of its covering to the weather, others will react to an extreme recklessness which they classify as common-sense. The very close connection between mental attitudes and bodily condition becomes clearer every day. The sight of salt provokes one secretion in a dog's mouth, and the sight of meat another. A man of science observes that if one is in the habit of carrying food or sugar in the pocket, the act of putting the hand in the pocket will provoke a secretion of saliva, and that if two dogs are looking at each other, it is only necessary that one should be eating meat to cause the same flow of viscous saliva in both. Dogs of positive and cold character are less likely to give these physical phenomena in response to the sight of food. The animal's liking or dislike for a given article is a largely determining factor in the amount of secretion caused by the sight of it, a fact which fortifies the ordinary

FADS AND COUNTER FADS

notion that it is better to eat food which is agreeable. Once make that admission, however, and many brilliant individuals will think it means a diet of cocktails and chocolate eclairs.

AMERICANS ARE ACCUSED FREQUENTLY of being dead to beauty; of going about on occasional trips, baying the wonders of some buried century, but caring nothing for the beautiful at home. A sculptor has been complaining that our cities spend almost nothing for their embellishment, and they do little even to prevent disfiguration. President ROOSEVELT's vigor may stop the increase of soft coal smoke in Washington, but the energetic cities of the West have passed ordinances galore against this needless dirt without enforcing any of them. Niagara Falls, one of the world's grandest spectacles, is being every year more deeply injured to benefit a few private corporations. That the Federal Government and Canada should not combine to make a park around the Falls, and keep them for mankind forever, instead of giving them over to be despoiled by private greed, really ought to be incredible. The National Government does these things better than the States. Apparently the great California trees, landmarks of a time before man's creation, are doomed unless California turns them over to the United States, in which case they will be as carefully guarded as the Yellowstone Park. About such matters Uncle JOE CANNON and his like in Congress care nothing, and public opinion is not yet strong enough to coerce them. Here is a line of influence in which an educated President like Mr. ROOSEVELT ought to be of especial use.

CONTEMPT FOR BEAUTY

AMERICAN LOVE FOR INITIALS was strong enough to amuse visitors, back in the days of DAISY MILLER, when her small brother appeared everywhere as RANDOLPH C. This taste is disappearing. Middle names and the use of initials become less frequent. STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND late in life dropped one of his names altogether. No man in public life to-day is so closely identified with a middle initial as Mr. BLAINE was with his. The simplicity of two names suits our circumstances, as fifteen or more are deemed becoming in some noble of Hungary or Roumania. It is not entire, however, this change of fashion, as we found by referring casually to a leading lawyer. "Should you have occasion," writes a correspondent, "again to speak of 'JOHN JOHNSTON' of Philadelphia, just slip in a 'G' between the first and last names. JOHN G. JOHNSTON is known to Philadelphians as JOHN JACOB ASTOR or GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS were to New Yorkers, whereas plain JOHN JOHNSTON makes a Philadelphian pause a moment, and even brings up in the mind a burlesque play of some years ago entitled 'Yon Yonson.'" Which goes to show that, while the fashion is changing, it has not changed sufficiently to excuse us for the omission of an important "G." Our correspondent's New York illustrations, however, are not entirely exact, as middle names used in full are not quite the same thing as initials, and have shown more persistence.

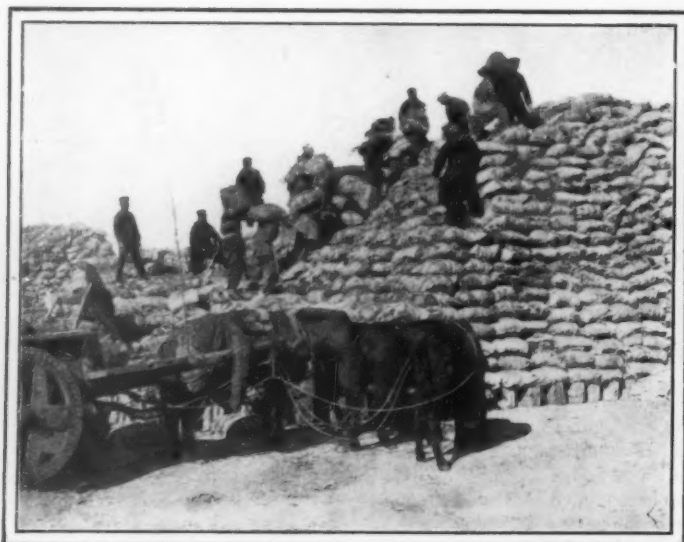
MIDDLE NAMES

GOOD AND EVIL can be found everywhere, in proportions varying less with the facts than with the eye of the observer. To Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, for example, the American horizon is dark. The big stick frightens him. "Suppose expansion takes a southern course, and extends to the line of the Panama Canal, taking in a vast alien population, there may be another disruption; there can hardly fail to be a change of institutions. If you have an empire you must have an emperor." That seems very sad, about the emperor. We do not want him at all, and are sorry that in the professor's view we are compelled to have him. We took in Alaska without one, but the Panama region may be different. As with this rather ridiculous bogie, so with other hopes and fears. The average American citizen's outlook is one of optimism, not because he sees the future clearly—any more than Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH does—but because he and the people who make his environment, being well and prosperous, are full of a merely temperamental cheerfulness. This instinctive happiness, however, is fortified by the facts as far as we can see them. The outlook for general welfare has never been better than it is to-day. There are plenty of abuses and much hardship, but we imagine no great nation has ever enjoyed a higher level in the daily needs of life. Our pessimists are really hard put to it for allegations to support their gloom. They lay hold of imperialism, trusts, or some other evil, but the people refuse to feel downtrodden. It is the essential prosperity of the people that gives the party of political opposition such an unwelcome task to-day. Wail they never so loudly, their complaints are met with incredulity.

NEW YEAR OUTLOOK



FOOD SUPPLIES FOR FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA'S SOLDIERS PILED UP AT THE RAILROAD STATION AT VENTAI



A copious winter supply of rice for the Japanese troops in Manchuria



Russian dead on the field where they made repeated attacks against a Japanese position

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HART, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ACCOMPANYING THE JAPANESE FIRST ARMY



General Kuropatkin

An open-air mass at Mukden, October 6, at which General Kuropatkin invoked the divine blessing on his proposed attack against the Japanese in Liao-Yang—which attack resulted in a severe defeat for the Russians

BETWEEN BATTLES IN MANCHURIA

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR 1904

THE YEAR IN AMERICA
PREPARING TO JOIN THE OCEANS
THE NATIONS AT ST. LOUIS
SERVICE PENSIONS BY EXECUTIVE ORDER
RAILROAD MONOPOLY OUTLAWED
THE PUBLIC "FINDING ITSELF"
DRAWING THE LINES OF BATTLE

THE CONVENTIONS
A ONE-SIDED CAMPAIGN
THE INDEPENDENT ABROAD
COMMERCIAL MASSACRES
THE CENTURY'S FIRST GREAT WAR
JAPAN SECURES COMMAND OF THE
SEA
KUROKI STRIKES ON LAND

PORT ARTHUR BESIEGED
THE MANCURIAN CAMPAIGN
PORT ARTHUR AND THE FLEETS
THE POWERS AND THE WAR
REFORM IN RUSSIA
THE WORLD'S PEACE
SCIENCE IN FLUX
INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE

THE YEAR IN AMERICA

THE YEAR 1904 has been one of unchecked material progress in the United States. We have gained two million inhabitants—equivalent to annexing a third of Canada—and our total population has increased to nearly 85,000,000. We have added about three billion dollars to our national wealth, which is now estimated at over \$111,000,000,000. The expenses of the General Government have risen to nearly two million dollars a day. The value of the year's crops has been the greatest ever known. Our foreign commerce has surpassed all American records, and our domestic commerce has exceeded the total volume of the foreign trade of all the nations of the world combined. Our shipping tonnage has reached a new high-water mark. We have begun at last to develop the remnant of our public domain on scientific lines. We have maintained peace at home and extended our influence abroad. We have made some progress, too, toward the solution of our moral, political, and social problems. We are recovering a public conscience. We are extending the benefits of higher education to a greater proportion of the population than ever enjoyed such advantages in any other country in the world. On the whole, America can look back upon the year with cheerfulness.

PREPARING TO JOIN THE OCEANS

LAST WINTER'S SESSION of Congress—the shortest "long session" known in ninety years—was devoted largely to forming the lines for the coming Presidential campaign. Cuban reciprocity had been secured in December, and the first thing that demanded the attention of Congress in 1904 was the sensational creation of a new republic in Panama. On the 4th of January the President, in a special message, explained his course in recognizing the secession of the Isthmus, and refusing to permit Colombia to restore her authority there. Senator Gorman tried to unite the Democrats against the Administration's Panama policy, but here, as in the case of Cuban reciprocity, his programme failed. The Southern States wanted the canal, and on February 23 the treaty with Panama was ratified by a vote of 72 to 17. By this agreement we secured the perpetual control of a strip of land ten miles wide, from ocean to ocean, a monopoly of trans-Isthmian traffic, the right of sanitary supervision of the cities of Panama and Colon, the right to occupy certain islands in the Bay of Panama, and various other advantages. As compensation we agreed to pay to Panama the \$10,000,000 we had originally promised to Colombia, and to guarantee her independence against all comers. As soon as the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged, the President appointed the commission which was to supervise the actual construction of the canal. The men selected were Rear-Admiral John G. Walker (chairman); Major-General John W. Davis, William Barclay Parsons, Chief Engineer of the New York Subway; Benjamin M. Harrod of Louisiana, Carl E. Grunsky of California, and Frank J. Hecker of Michigan. Of these, all were engineering experts except Mr. Hecker, who resigned on account of ill health on the 17th of November. Later General Davis was made Governor of the Canal Zone, and Mr. John F. Wallace, General Manager of the Illinois Central Railroad, was selected as Chief Engineer of the canal. It soon appeared that our authorities were claiming wider powers than the Panama Republic was disposed to admit, and a degree of friction developed which made it necessary for President Roosevelt, toward the end of the year, to send Secretary Taft to the Isthmus to exercise his unrivaled tact in smoothing out the tangles. This was happily accomplished, the Secretary promising to redress the grievances complained of by the Panamanians. The order extending the Dingley tariff to the Canal

Zone, which Mr. Taft frankly admits to have been a mistake of his own, has been revoked. No trade, except in canal supplies and articles in transit, is to enter the new ports of Ancon and Cristobal, established by the United States at the ends of the canal, leaving all customs receipts for the Government of Panama. Panama is to reduce her duties on all goods except wines, spirits, and opium from 15 to 10 per cent, establish the gold standard, reduce her consular fees and port charges, and cut down her postage rates from five to two cents. The Zone authorities are to buy all their stamps from Panama at 40 per cent of their face value. There is to be absolute free trade between the Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone. The way now seems clear for real canal digging. New surveys have been carried out which encourage the idea that a sea-level cut may be substituted for a lock canal without prohibitory cost.

THE NATIONS AT ST. LOUIS

THE GREATEST WORLD'S FAIR that ever has been, and possibly the greatest that ever will be held, opened its gates in St. Louis on April 30, to commemorate the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. The show was so colossal, and the expenditure of energy and money so terrific, as to raise the question whether enterprise had not outdone itself, and whether future expositions ought not to be planned on a more modest scale. The St. Louis Fair occupied 1,240 acres of ground—nearly twice the area of the unwieldy Columbian Exhibition—and the buildings at St. Louis covered 128 acres, against 82 acres at Chicago. Fifty million dollars—more than the combined wealth of all



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, OF NEW YORK, AND CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, OF INDIANA, ELECTED PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER 8, 1904

the universities and colleges in the entire Louisiana Purchase region—were devoted to a display that lasted seven months. One of the most wonderful architectural pictures that had ever been seen on earth was created to be immediately destroyed. But while it lasted the St. Louis Fair was a great educating influence. It surpassed any former exposition in its illustrations of the processes of production, of the methods of education, and of the applications of science to industry.

SERVICE PENSIONS BY EXECUTIVE ORDER

THE PRESSURE BY INTERESTED PARTIES in behalf of a service pension law for veterans of the Civil War grew more urgent, and the resistance to it in Congress seemed on the point of giving way, when, on March 16, President Roosevelt suddenly relieved the legislators of their embarrassment by issuing, through Pension Commissioner Ware, an order which in effect established a service pension system, although on a less liberal basis than its advocates had desired. Veterans who had reached the age of sixty-two years were to be considered half disabled and pensionable at \$6 per month. After sixty-five they were to draw \$8, after sixty-eight \$10, and after seventy the full disability rate of \$12. Although this was merely an extension of a rule established by Mr. Cleveland, President Roosevelt was denounced as a usurper of the legislative power, and it was predicted that the Treasury would be swamped by the demands under the new order. For the first time, however, the claims under a new pension opportunity fell short of the estimates, and the cost of Order No. 78 proved to be a negligible quantity.

RAILROAD MONOPOLY OUTLAWED

THE PROGRESSIVE CONCENTRATION of capital had reached its climax in the formation of the Northern Securities Company, after the "Blue Thursday" panic of 1901. This corporation had been organized under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital of \$400,000,000—\$30,000 of it in cash—to acquire the control of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railway Companies, which in turn controlled the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Thus nearly twenty thousand miles of railway and a fleet of ocean steamers came into the hands of a single company, which became the absolute master of transportation throughout the greater part of the Northwest. It was intimated that this was only a curtain-raiser, and that it would be followed by the creation of a Southern Securities Company and an Eastern Securities Company, if not by that of a National Securities Company, to control the railroad system of the entire United States. The public mind was agitated, and in the Northwest infuriated. The States of Minnesota and Washington tried without success to block the merger in the courts. Then President Roosevelt ordered Attorney-General Knox to bring an action against the Northern Securities Company under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. A sweeping decision in favor of the Government was secured on April 9, 1903, in a special Circuit Court at St. Paul, Judge Thayer writing the opinion. The judgment was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, on March 14, 1904, by a vote of 5 to 4, all the justices in the majority being Republicans, and all the three Democratic justices voting with the minority. This was considered a brilliant triumph for the Administration and for President Roosevelt personally, and it seriously damaged the anti-trust issue as Democratic campaign material. The decision was of the most far-reaching kind. It held that the Sherman Act was constitutional, that it applied to railroad as well as to industrial combinations, and that every "combination or conspiracy in restraint of interstate or international commerce" was illegal, whether its actions were, in fact, reasonable or unreasonable. Hence the Northern Securities Company was forbidden to vote its Northern Pacific and Great Northern stock, or to exercise any control over the Northern Pacific and Great Northern companies, and those corporations were forbidden to pay any dividends to the Northern Securities Company.

This decision furnished a new illustration of "Roosevelt luck." While it strengthened the President with the people, it dulled the edge of the opposition to him.



THE ASSASSINATION OF M. DE PLEHVE

Wreck of the carriage in which the Russian Minister of the Interior was killed by the explosion of a bomb in St. Petersburg, July 28

among the capitalists. From the time he ordered the suit against the Northern Securities Company, he had been looked upon in Wall Street as a dangerous man who might unsettle the foundations of society, but after the catastrophe it was found that the financial interests had not been seriously hurt after all, and that they could get along just about as well by obeying the law as by defying it. The railroads involved in the Northern Securities merger have continued to be managed by the same interests as before the decision.

THE PUBLIC "FINDING ITSELF"

THE PAST YEAR has been noteworthy for its rapid development of a public consciousness—a sense of common rights and obligations, which resents abuses that formerly passed with easy tolerance, and applies itself eagerly to the study of public problems and their possible solutions. This has been manifested in many ways. It was shown in the warfare upon corporate excesses, which culminated in the Northern Securities decision, followed by the radical report of the Commissioner of Corporations and the thoroughgoing recommendations of the President's message. It was illustrated in the enthusiasm with which the voters flocked across party lines to the support of candidates for office whom they believed to represent public as opposed to class interests—such candidates as President Roosevelt, Joseph W. Folk in Missouri, W. L. Douglas in Massachusetts, Charles S. Deneen in Illinois, and John A. Johnson in Minnesota. It was displayed in Chicago's extraordinary vote for the municipal ownership of street railroads, and in the jealous vigilance with which New Yorkers watched every threatened encroachment upon public rights in the matters of street franchises, lighting contracts, and park and subway advertising. It was strikingly exemplified in the general interest excited by the slashing discussion of political, social, and economic questions in such publications as "McClure's" and "Everybody's Magazine," which found that boldness was more popular than timidity, and lanced public sores without regard to the feelings of individuals or the possibility of libel suits. A very remarkable manifestation was the influence acquired by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, a Boston speculator of dubious antecedents, whose alleged exposures of the inside secrets of corrupt finance were received as gospel by hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions, of citizens, and became a force to be reckoned with in the stock market.



RAISULI, THE MOORISH BRIGAND

A traveler in Morocco, who made this photograph, asserts that it is a snapshot of the abductor of Ion Perdicaris, an American resident of Tangier, held for ransom in the Rix Mountains last February

DRAWING THE LINES OF BATTLE

WHEN THE YEAR BEGAN, the opposition to President Roosevelt in his own party had died into sullen grumblings. The hostile Republican leaders had been beaten into submission. Almost all the State conventions of the previous year had committed themselves to Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. The last chance of any serious resistance disappeared with the death of Senator Hanna, on February 15. The Republican voters believed that President Roosevelt had made his enemies by his determined defence of the public interests against financial and political dictation, and every criticism from Wall Street or the Senate helped to make his position unassailable.

On the Democratic side the field was open. It was first to be decided whether the party should be controlled by its radical or by its conservative forces, and then a choice was to be made among the various aspirants for the leadership within the victorious faction. Mr. Bryan struck a fatal blow to the radical prospects by declaring on his return from Europe that the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, free silver and all, must be reaffirmed. This position offered to the party the certain prospect of a third disastrous defeat, and made those Democrats who were in politics to win believe that their only hope lay in a change of leadership. The conservative sentiment early showed a tendency to concentrate upon Alton B. Parker, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York. Judge Parker was reached by a process of elimination. He appeared to be the logical candidate, not on account of his inherent strength, but because he was the only one mentioned who was not distinctly impossible. He had made no enemies; he was not known to have any dangerous opinions, and he had a reputation as a "vote-getter."

THE CONVENTIONS

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION which met at Chicago, June 21, was a perfunctory gathering. It nominated President Roosevelt by acclamation, with Senator Fairbanks of Indiana as the candidate for Vice-President. The platform was devoted chiefly to a glorification of Republican achievements in the past, and to assurances that the Republican party could do whatever needed to be done in the future. The impressive opening address of Mr. Elihu Root was an amplification of the same theme, as were President Roosevelt's speech and letter of acceptance later. The only spark of fire struck out at Chicago flashed from the Wisconsin contest. After arguments from both sides, the National Committee unanimously decided in favor of the anti-La Follette, or Stalwart, delegation, which through the Senators and Representatives in Congress, and the Federal officeholders, had intimate relations with the national organization of the party. The Governor created a sensation by announcing that the committee had decided against him without reading the evidence, that there was no hope of justice from the Committee on Credentials or the Convention, and that he would go home without further efforts to seat his delegation and submit his case to the people at the polls. The result was a split in the Republican party of Wisconsin, the nomination of two State tickets, and complications that lasted until election day, when they reached a dramatic climax.

The Democratic National Convention met at St. Louis on July 6. It was a fighting body from the start. The efforts of the radicals were directed, first, toward the adoption of a platform upon which Judge Parker could not stand, and next toward the collection of a third of the delegates into a combination which, under the two-thirds rule, would prevent his nomination. The latter plan failed, but the former was almost successful. Mr. Bryan took command of the opposition in a brilliant assault upon the position of the conservative delegation from Illinois—both the rival Illinois delegations being nominally for Hearst, and each the refined product of slungshot and brass-knuckle politics. Although the merits of this case were on his side, Mr. Bryan could make no impression upon the Convention. But in the Committee on Resolutions he succeeded in keeping out of the platform a plank, based on the Mississippi platform of John Sharp Williams, reciting the increased production of gold, accepting the decrees of Providence without committing itself upon their wisdom, and therefore recognizing the gold standard as an accomplished fact. The platform, inaudibly read, was adopted on the night of the 8th, and the Convention proceeded immediately to the nominations. The voting began at five o'clock in the morning, and the first test showed 658 votes for Parker, 200 for Hearst, 42 for Cockrell, and 38 for Olney. Changes before the result was announced gave the nomination to Parker on the first ballot, and the Convention adjourned until afternoon. Meanwhile the news of the omission of the gold-standard plank from the platform had created consternation in the East. The Democratic and independent papers of New York had denounced the surrender to Bryan as presaging party disgrace and ruin. After receiving word of his nomination Judge Parker telegraphed to William F. Sheehan, at St. Louis: "I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the Convention to-day shall be ratified by the people."



THE RACE FOR THE VANDERBILT CUP

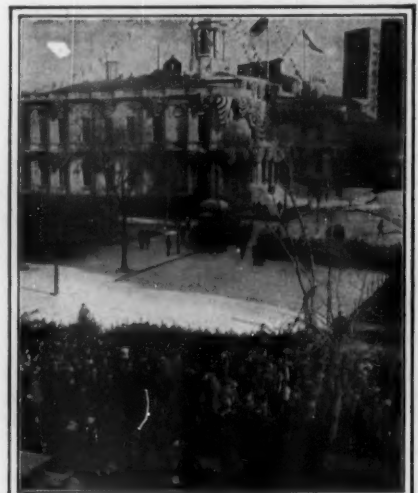
Finish of the 284-mile speed contest for automobiles of all nations, held on Long Island, October 8, and won by George Heath in 5h. 26m. 45sec.

As the platform is silent on this subject, my view should be made known to the Convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment."

This message stunned the Convention, and at first there were wild threats to take Parker off the ticket. But the sober leaders stemmed the passion of the delegates, and the Convention finally voted to send Judge Parker a despatch, drawn by John Sharp Williams, informing him that, as the money question was not an issue, there was nothing to prevent a man holding his views from accepting the Democratic nomination. The ticket was then completed by the nomination for Vice-President of Henry Gassaway Davis, an octogenarian capitalist of high tariff proclivities, an owner of coal mines and railroads, and generally recognized as one of the Lords Proprietors of the State of West Virginia.

A ONE-SIDED CAMPAIGN

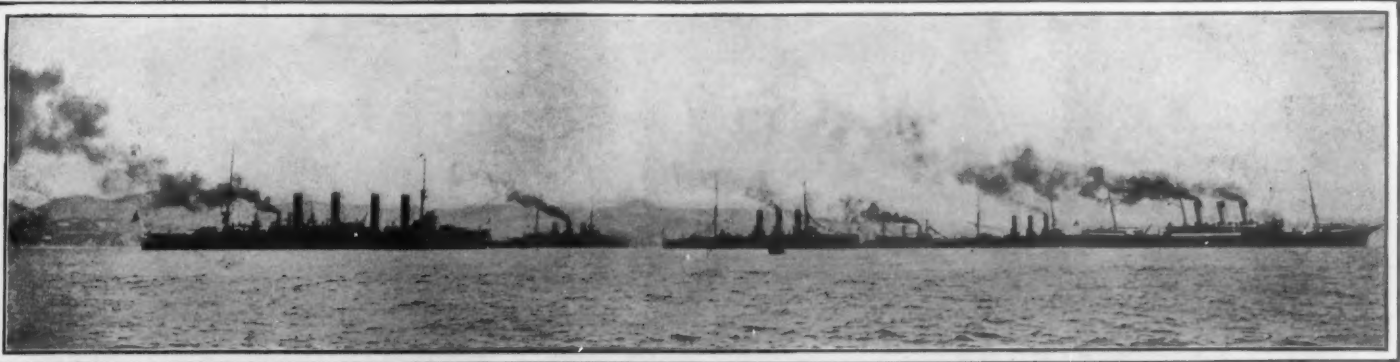
THE PARKER GOLD TELEGRAM was hailed at first in the East and in Europe as a miracle of heroism and statesmanship, but as time passed without any further wonders, its glamour began to wear off. Judge Parker was nebulous and hesitating. He did not convey the impression of force, energy, conviction, or thorough knowledge. Such Democratic enthusiasm as existed at the beginning of the campaign began to chill. Judge Parker seemed interested chiefly in the Philippines, about which the people were not particularly concerned, and in the Constitution, which they did not believe to be in danger. He treated the great Democratic issue of the tariff gingerly, and his associate, Mr. Davis, openly avowed himself a protectionist. Mr. Parker's views on the vital subject of trust regulation appeared vague, and he handled the inviting theme of governmental extravagance with good will, but apparently without very exact information. President Roosevelt was direct, positive, definite, and confident. He "stood pat" on the general infallibility of the Republican party and the perfection of its policies. He challenged the Democrats to show anything better, and their lack of aggressiveness in responding to the challenge convinced many voters that there was really nothing to be gained by a change. Notwithstanding the prosperity of the country, there was a vast amount of discontent, but the Democratic party made no effective appeal to it. Its more militant representatives joined the swelling Socialist movement, and most of the remainder either voted for Roosevelt, pending a



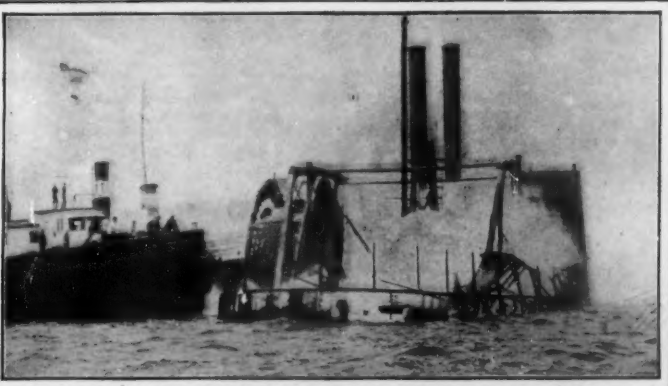
OPENING OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY

The ceremony was held at the City Hall; the main line, extending from the City Hall to 145th Street, was opened for public traffic October 27. The cost of construction was \$40,000,000 and the equipment \$18,000,000

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THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN THE HARBOR OF PORT ARTHUR JUST BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES IN FEBRUARY, 1904



Wreck of the excursion steamboat "General Slocum," destroyed by fire in the East River, New York Harbor, at midday, June 15, 1904, with a loss of nearly one thousand lives

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FESTIVAL HALL AND THE GRAND LAGOON AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS, MO.



THE GREAT FIRE AT BALTIMORE

The business section of the city, covering about one hundred and fifty acres, was completely destroyed by fire on February 7 and 8, 1904, with an approximate loss of \$60,000,000



COPYRIGHT BY GREAT BRITAIN BY BLAIR AND WHITE

The market-place in Lhasa, the sacred city of Tibet, into which no Europeans were allowed to enter until it was occupied by a British expeditionary force in August, 1904

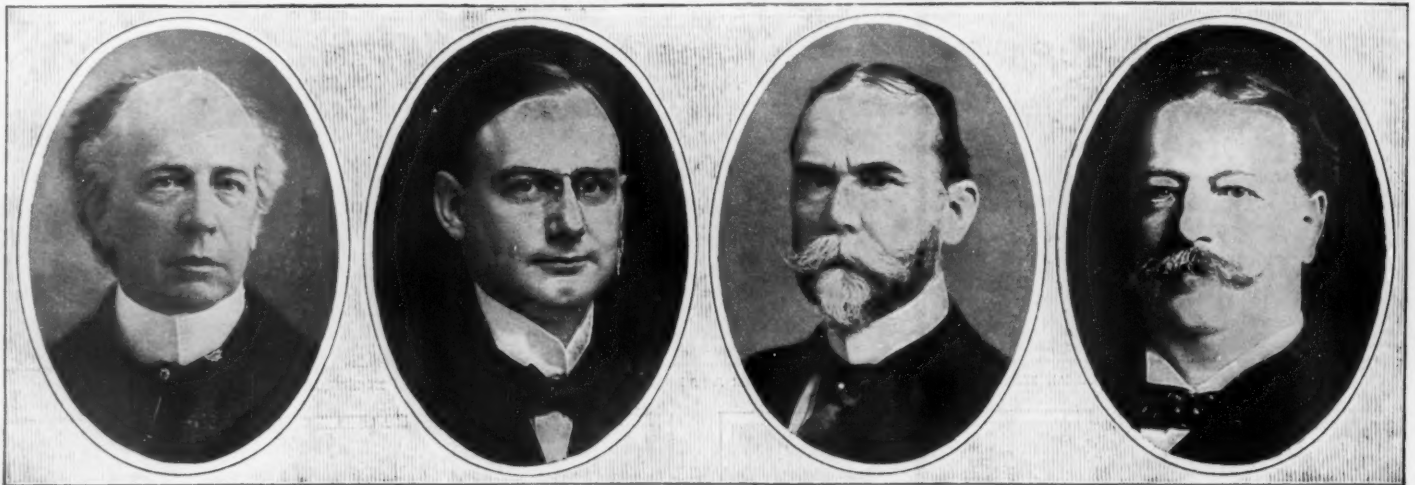


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THE CAPTURE OF LIAO-YANG

After six days of incessant fighting the Japanese armies under Field Marshal Oyama defeated the Russians under General Kuropatkin and occupied the city, September 4, 1904

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF SOME NOTABLE EVENTS IN 1904



SIR WILFRID LAURIER
Prime Minister of Canada

JOSEPH W. FOLK
Governor of Missouri

JOHN HAY
Secretary of State

WILLIAM H. TAFT
Secretary of War

PUBLIC MEN WHO HAVE LED IN THE YEAR'S PROGRESS

satisfactory realignment of parties, or stayed at home. As the season wore on the Democratic prospects faded, until by election day the only question was as to the size of the Republican majority. But there was probably not a single person in the United States who imagined that the Roosevelt triumph would be as colossal as it was. The President received 336 electoral votes to 140 for Parker—between two-thirds and three-fourths of the whole—and a popular plurality of 2,512,381. His electoral majority was the largest since Grant's in 1872, and his popular majority the largest in American history. He received 29 electoral votes from the old slave States, and Judge Parker did not receive a single vote outside of them. The total popular vote of 13,551,371 was nearly 400,000 less than in 1896, notwithstanding an increase of about 12,000,000 in the population, indicating a probable increase of 2,400,000 in the number of qualified voters. Thus almost 2,800,000 citizens—most of them presumably Democrats—stayed at home. In addition 813,486 voted the Socialist, Populist, and Prohibitionist tickets. Here are nearly 3,600,000 votes—enough to have changed the 2,500,000 Roosevelt plurality into a minority of a million—which neither of the two great parties was able to secure, but which offer unknown possibilities for the future. The increase in the Republican vote was only normal—the Democratic vote was the smallest in twenty years. The Socialist vote of 433,745 was nearly four times as great as in 1900, and over ten times as great as at any previous election, and it was the only vote that corresponded with approximate exactness to the estimates made beforehand by the party managers. An ominous feature of the returns was the sectional segregation and concentration of party strength. The Republican majorities were greater in the North and the Democratic majorities greater in the South than in 1900. Parker lost all the four Northern States that Bryan carried. On the other hand, the Solid South has shrunk in size. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are now debatable States, Delaware and West Virginia solidly Republican.

THE INDEPENDENT ABROAD

THE ELECTION DISCLOSED a marked tendency for public-spirited, honest, and progressive citizens to get together without regard to party names. In Missouri, Joseph W. Folk, whose war against corrupt politicians of both parties had been watched with admiring sympathy by all the decent elements of the whole country, was elected Governor, when all the rest of the Democratic ticket was defeated, and his victory was welcomed by honest Republicans everywhere. Massachusetts and Minnesota elected Democratic Governors, although Roosevelt carried both States by pluralities of 92,000 and 146,000 respectively. In Wisconsin La Follette beat the corporation's candidate and the Federal office-holding machine by a vote of nineteen to one.

COMMERCIAL MASSACRES

THE YEAR BEGAN under the shadow of the Iroquois Theatre disaster, whose 600 victims still lay unburied on New Year's Day. An immediate result of this ghastly object lesson in the consequences of graft and greed was a general overhauling throughout the country of the regulations for the safety of theatrical audiences. Every theatre in Chicago was closed pending alterations, and for a time the new rules were drawn so tight in some places as to make stage productions commercially impossible. But the indirect effects of the calamity were still more important. It was shown that the alliance between unscrupulous business and corrupt politics might mean not only robbery, but murder, and the shock of that revelation was one of the most important stimulants of the moral revolt against

debased commercialism, which has been one of the striking features of the year. The lesson was still more appallingly driven home on the 15th of June, when the excursion steamer *General Slocum* caught fire in the East River, and nearly a thousand, largely women and children, were drowned or burned alive. Incompetent officers, a cheap, undrilled, and cowardly crew, flimsy construction, criminal recklessness in the storage of combustibles, rotten fire hose, and worthless life preservers, passed by negligent or venal inspectors, turned what should have been a trivial incident into a hideous catastrophe. The investigation that followed this disaster showed that practically all the excursion boats in New York Harbor, and probably at all other seaports, were operated under similar conditions. Reforms have been instituted in the inspection service, and it is hoped that Congress at this session will so amend the laws as to keep floating piles of kindling wood out of the excursion business. The need of such reforms was empha-



The Solid South in 1892



The Solid South in 1904

THE SHRINKAGE OF THE "SOLID SOUTH"

sized on December 17 by the destruction of the Sound steamer *Glen Island*, with the loss of nine lives, under conditions which proved that if the accident had occurred with an excursion crowd on board, it would have been another *Slocum* disaster.

THE CENTURY'S FIRST GREAT WAR

THE GREATEST WAR of the present generation began in February, and is still in progress. It arose from the conflicting claims of Russia and Japan to the control of Korea and Manchuria. Nominally, the two powers occupied the same position. Each professed to respect the sovereignty of China in Manchuria, and the independence of Korea. But, in reality, Japan wished the Manchurian part of this arrangement to be genuine and the Korean part fictitious. She desired to control Korea herself. Russia wished the Manchurian part of the understanding to be fictitious, and she was inclined to stretch the Korean part, too. Japan demanded the recognition of her own preponderating interests in Korea, and offered in return to recognize Russia's special interests in railway enterprises in Manchuria. As Russia had invested \$300,000,000 in Manchuria, including the construction

of the two brand-new, solidly built cities of Dalny and Harbin—the latter known as the "Chicago of the East"—she was not inclined to limit her activity there to railway interests. She refused to make any engagement about that province, except a promise not to interfere with Japan's treaty rights, and she proposed to establish a neutral zone in Korea that would give her the practical control of the northern third of the empire. That proposition was unacceptable to Japan, which reiterated her demands on January 13. No answer to her note of that date having been received on February 6, she broke off diplomatic relations, put a three-day embargo on news despatches, and launched her fleet at Port Arthur. Russia was taken completely by surprise. She had expected to prolong the negotiations, and her answer to the Japanese note was said to have been in Tokio when Japan opened hostilities.

The resources with which the two combatants entered the struggle were briefly these: Russia had about 143,000,000 people; Japan 46,500,000. The Russian army counted 1,100,000 men on a peace footing, 4,600,000 on a war footing, and 566,000 horses. The Japanese army was supposed to have 167,000 men in the peace establishment, 632,000 on a war footing, and 31,000 horses. The Russian navy had eighteen battleships, besides nine building, and eight armored cruisers. The Japanese navy had six battleships and eight armored cruisers, including two bought at Genoa from Argentina in January, and on the way to the Far East when the war broke out. The annual revenue of Russia was \$1,000,000,000; that of Japan \$125,000,000. Thus on paper Russia overmatched Japan in the proportion of about three to one in population, seven to one in military force, two to one in naval force, and eight to one in revenue. But Russia had only about 80,000 men in Manchuria and the neighboring parts of Siberia when the war began, and she had carefully divided her fleet into a number of fragments, each inferior to the force that could be concentrated against it. Part of it was in the Baltic and part bottled up in the Black Sea. There were seven battleships, one armored cruiser, and five unarmored cruisers at Port Arthur, three superb armored cruisers and a protected cruiser at Vladivostok, thirteen hundred miles away, a fine protected cruiser and a gunboat at Chemulpo, and a battleship and an armored cruiser in the Mediterranean on the way East. Japan's ships were all within supporting distance of each other and ready to strike. Finally, France was bound by treaty to help Russia if she should be attacked by two powers, and England was under the same obligation with regard to Japan.

JAPAN SECURES COMMAND OF THE SEA

THE MAIN JAPANESE FLEET under Vice-Admiral Togo headed for Port Arthur, while a cruiser division under Rear-Admiral Uriu turned its course toward the Korean port of Chemulpo, escorting three transports carrying 2,500 men. On February 8 Uriu's squadron encountered the Russian gunboat *Koriets*, which fired upon the Japanese torpedo boats and then took refuge in the harbor. The *Koriets* appears to have fired the first shot of the war. The Japanese went on to Chemulpo and landed their troops without opposition. Next morning they summoned the Russian ships to leave the harbor, with the alternative of destruction in port. The speed of the *Variag* might have enabled her to escape, but her commander would not abandon the little *Koriets*, and with splendid heroism, untempered by discretion, the two ships went out and engaged the Japanese fleet. An hour's engagement crippled the *Variag*, which had borne the brunt of the fighting, and the Russian ships limped back to port, where they were blown up to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN
Commander of the Russian Armies in Manchuria

GENERAL STOESEL
The Defender of Port Arthur

FIELD MARSHAL MARQUIS OYAMA
In Command of the Japanese Forces in Manchuria

ADMIRAL TOGO
Commander-in-Chief of Japan's Naval Forces

TOWERING FIGURES IN THE FAR EASTERN CONFLICT

Meanwhile, between eleven and twelve the same night, Togo's fleet crept upon the unsuspecting Russians at Port Arthur. The Russian ships under Admiral Stark were lying in the outer roadstead. The Japanese torpedo boats dashed among them and disabled the battleships *Retvisan* and *Czarevitch* and the cruiser *Pallada*. The next day Togo's fleet opened fire upon the forts and the remaining Russian vessels, and damaged the battleships *Poltava* and *Petropavlovsk* and the cruisers *Diana*, *Askold*, and *Novik*. This left only three battleships fit for action, and shifted the balance of sea power decisively to the side of Japan, whose vessels on the spot were not only more numerous than those of Russia, but surpassed them in size and fighting power. But the tale of Russian naval misfortunes was not yet ended. Within five days after the first attack on Port Arthur, the Russians sank their own mine-laying steamer *Yenisei* with their own mines, and ran the cruiser *Boyarin* on the rocks. In the next two months they lost a number of torpedo-boat destroyers and gunboats, and on April 13 they met with a crushing disaster. The Japanese had laid a string of mines across the mouth of the harbor at night. In the morning Togo sent half a dozen cruisers to entice the Russians out, while he lay in wait with the bulk of his force, ambushed by a fog. Makaroff, who had taken command of the demoralized remnant of the Port Arthur squadron a month before, and had turned it into an enterprising force, immediately accepted the challenge and put to sea with three battleships and three cruisers. He missed the explosives on the way out, and was chasing the Japanese cruisers when the fog cleared away and betrayed Togo's fleet. He retreated, but on the way back his flagship, the *Petropavlovsk*, struck one of the mines and sank at once, carrying down the Admiral, the great painter Verestchagin, and almost her entire crew of seven hundred men. The Grand Duke Cyril, third in succession to the throne, dived as the ship sank and managed to keep afloat until he was picked up. The battleship *Pobieda* was injured by another mine, but succeeded in making her way into port. This left only two effective battleships in the harbor.

KUROKI STRIKES ON LAND

THE FIRST NAVAL OPERATIONS of the war opened the sea routes to the Japanese troops. The Russian Port Arthur fleet was crippled and blockaded, the detachment at Chemulpo destroyed, and the Vladivostok squadron locked in by ice. Without a moment's delay the Japanese transports began to stream across the Korea Strait. As the harbors of Manchuria were still icebound, it was necessary to make the first landings on the coast of Korea and march northward. While this deprived the Japanese of the chance of catching the enemy unprepared, and winning the first year's campaign at the start, it had the advantage of putting them into immediate possession of Korea, which they regarded as the chief object of the war. One of the three divisions of the First Army, under General Kuroki, landed at Chemulpo, the port of the Korean capital, Seoul; the other two landed a little later at Chenampo, a hundred miles further north. The three divisions, 45,000 strong, united at Ping-Yang and advanced northward, driving the few scattered Russians before them, until they reached the Yalu River, the boundary between Korea and Manchuria. Here Kuropatkin, Russia's ablest strategist, who had given up his post as Minister of War to take command in the field, had planned the first Russian stand. He had posted ten thousand men under General Zassulitch in strong

intrenchments on a range of hills dominating the Manchurian bank of the river opposite Wiju, with about five thousand more in reserve. He had not intended to have this position defended to the last extremity, but he had expected it to form an obstacle that would delay the Japanese advance and give more time for the concentration of the main Russian army at Liao-Yang, where he intended to fight a decisive battle. But on the night of the 30th of April General Zassulitch allowed the Japanese to get across the river before he knew of their intentions, and the next day he defended his position so stubbornly that he was outflanked before he had time to withdraw in order, and had to make a confused retreat, leaving twenty-eight guns—more than half of his artillery—1,363 dead and 613 prisoners. Moreover, he was chased through the strong position of Feng-Wang-Cheng, where Kuropatkin had expected him to make a serious stand. The Japanese lost only 223 killed in this fight, although they were the assailants, and the enemy had all the advantage of the ground. The victory created an enormous sensation throughout the world, for it

the seemingly impregnable intrenchments of Nanshan Hill. These formed the citadel of the outer line of the defences of Port Arthur, which extended in a terrifying complexity of barbed-wire entanglements, buried mines, and iron-roofed trenches across the entire four-mile width of the isthmus that connected the Port Arthur end of the Liaotung Peninsula with the mainland. Part of the Japanese forces waded across a shallow arm of the sea and took the Russians in flank. After a sanguinary struggle, the positions were captured and Port Arthur was cut off from the world. The Russians lost seventy-eight guns and quantities of ammunition and supplies. Immediately afterward the wonderful "fiat city" of Dalny, which Russia had built of solid stone by a single act of creation, was abandoned to the Japanese.

Meanwhile Admiral Togo had been making repeated attempts to seal up the mouth of the harbor with sunken hulks, on the *Merrimac* plan. At least twenty steamers were sunk in this way by the 3d of May, with the most desperate heroism on the part of their crews, but without success. Consequently Togo still had to maintain the blockade of the port, and he could not spare ships enough to enable Kamimura, who was watching the Vladivostok squadron, to do his work effectively. The result was that the Vladivostok cruisers made repeated raids, harried the coasts of Japan, captured merchantmen, sank transports loaded with troops, and made their way safely back to port. This so exasperated the usually patient Japanese that it was openly suggested in print that it would be a graceful thing for Kamimura to commit harakiri. They had some consolation, however, in the fact that one of the four Vladivostok cruisers, the *Bogatyr*, ran on the rocks outside the harbor on April 15. But to balance that they had two terrible disasters of their own a month later, when one of the new cruisers they had bought from Argentina, the *Kasuga*, rammed and sank the cruiser *Yoshino*, and the splendid battleship *Hatsuse* was sunk on the same day by two floating mines.

THE MANCHURIAN CAMPAIGN

THERE WERE NOW TWO all-important things to be done by the Japanese. They had to defeat, and if possible, destroy, the main Russian army under Kuropatkin, and they had to maintain the command of the sea, without which all their forces on the mainland would find themselves entrapped. To hold the sea, they must put the Russian ships in the Pacific out of service before they could be reinforced from Europe, and they must leave no harbor of refuge open to such reinforcements if they came. That meant that Port Arthur, Russia's only ice-free naval base on the Pacific, must be taken at any cost. It was equally important to the Russians to hold that fortress, and two weeks after the siege began General Stakelberg was sent down with an army corps in a desperate attempt at its relief. General Oku enveloped the Russians at Telissu on June 15, and they barely escaped by a headlong flight with the loss of fourteen guns and 3,500 men killed, wounded, and missing. This ended all efforts to break the siege of Port Arthur in the campaign of 1904. The Japanese continued to pour troops into the Liaotung Peninsula. Part of them stayed in front of Port Arthur as a Third Army, under General Nogi. Oku, with the Second Army, pressed northward on the heels of the retreating Russians. The forces at Takushan, now swelled into a Fourth Army, headed for the north under General Nodzu. The objective of the First, Second, and Fourth Armies was the Russian point of concentration at Liao-



MAP OF THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN MANCHURIA
Showing the Japanese lines of advance on Liao-Yang and Mukden from Chenampo, Takushan, and Kinchow. The hostile armies are now facing each other on the banks of the Sha River, between Yentai and Mukden

proved that the Japanese were as formidable on land as at sea, and it upset the tradition of Asiatic inferiority to Europeans on the battlefield.

PORT ARTHUR BESIEGED

IN THE LATTER PART OF APRIL, while Kuroki's First Army was advancing toward the Yalu, a Second Army under General Oku sailed from Japan to the Elliott Islands, northeast of Port Arthur, and waited for news. When the tidings of victory came, the troops landed simultaneously at Pitsewo, about fifty miles above Port Arthur, and at Takushan, about a hundred miles further. The Russian communications with Port Arthur by rail remained open for three weeks longer. On May 26, the Japanese made a combined land and naval attack on Kinchow, and, capturing that place after a slight resistance, they pushed on and rushed

Battleship "Kniaz Suvaroff," Flag-
ship of Admiral Rojestvensky



THE MAIN SQUADRON OF THE RUSSIAN BALTIC

DRAWN BY H. FEUTE



See "The Russian Navy," p. 21

BALTIC FLEET ON ITS WAY TO THE FAR EAST

BY H. FEUTERDAHL

PRINT IN BINDING

Yang. Newchwang was now untenable, and the Russians abandoned the town, and with it their last opening to the Manchurian coast. The supreme command of the Japanese forces was intrusted to Field Marshal Marquis Oyama, who had commanded ten years before in the war against China.

The armies of Kuroki and Nodzu were separated from the valley through which the Russian railroad ran by a range of mountains, pierced by occasional passes. The First Army had to force the formidable Motien Pass; the Fourth Army had to take the Pass of Fengshui. The work was intrepidly done in both cases. The Second Army moved north up the railroad. By the end of August the converging movement was complete, and the three armies were in touch in sight of Liao-Yang. The First Army on the right, the Fourth in the centre, and the Second on the left formed a horseshoe, with its ends resting on the Taitse River. The Russian army formed an inner horseshoe in a similar position. Inside of that again were the square walls of the strongly fortified town of Liao-Yang. Kuropatkin had 200,000 men; the three Japanese armies footed up a few more. The great battle, the longest and one of the most tremendous in history up to that time, began with general attacks that forced the contraction of the Russian line from a front of thirty to one of seven miles. After a week of frontal fighting, Kuroki found a ford ten miles up the river and threw a division across. When Kuropatkin found that he was about to be flanked, he hastily evacuated Liao-Yang and retreated up the railroad, fighting rearguard actions all the way. The Japanese were unable to head him off, and although they were victorious, the victory was not decisive. In twelve days of fighting, the Russians had lost about 20,000 men killed and wounded; the Japanese nearly 18,000.

Kuropatkin effected a masterly retreat to Mukden, and there waited a month to gather reinforcements and re-form his army. On October 2 he issued a proclamation declaring that the period of retreats was over, and that the army was now strong enough to advance and "compel the Japanese to do our will." He pushed forward to the region of the Sha River, and there attacked the Japanese in a series of desperate assaults, whose carnage exceeded anything seen in the war. This battle was even greater than that of Liao-Yang. The Russian forces were estimated at about 240,000 men and 950 guns, and the Japanese somewhat less. The Russian losses were reported at nearly 68,000 killed and wounded, and the Japanese at about 16,000. After ten days of sanguinary fighting, the Russians were forced back to the Hun River, where they intrenched themselves and could not be dislodged. The Japanese established themselves in front of them, and both armies are now apparently settled in their intrenchments for the winter.

PORT ARTHUR AND THE FLEETS

WHILE THESE THINGS were going on, the Russians at Port Arthur, seemingly abandoned to their fate, had been maintaining a defence whose heroic stubbornness had commanded the admiration of the world. The whole end of the peninsula, for a distance of five miles, was one maze of forts, barbed wire, buried mines, staked pits, and dry moats as deep as a house. Every fort was commanded by four or five others, so that when the Japanese captured one the rest could shell them out. Nevertheless, Nogi's men burrowed forward, foot by foot, paying for every inch of ground with blood. At last they were near enough to drop shells into the harbor. Unless the Russian fleet could escape, it seemed likely to be sunk at its moorings. With remarkable energy the Russians had patched up their battered vessels, and by August 10 they were able to muster six battleships, four cruisers, and a flotilla of destroyers for a sortie, which the pressure of the besiegers on shore seemed to render imperative. Togo's fleet attacked them at long range, and after a running fight that lasted all the afternoon the greater part of the Russian squadron retreated in a badly hammered condition to Port Arthur. The battleship *Czarevitch* was so crippled that she could not make her way back with the rest, and she ran for the German port of Kiaochow, where she was dismantled and laid up for the war, along with two destroyers that had accompanied her. The cruiser *Novik* took refuge in the same place, but put to sea and made her way, 2,000 miles, to Korsakoff Bay, at the southern end of the island of Saghalien, where she was finally rounded up and finished by the Japanese cruisers *Chitose* and *Tsushima*.

The remnants of the fleet at Port Arthur survived a short time longer, but on November 30, after ten weeks of effort, the Japanese captured an eminence known as 203-Metre Hill, commanding the harbor, and, mounting guns upon it, succeeded in disabling all the battleships and cruisers in port.

Meanwhile, Admiral Kamimura had at last secured his revenge upon the enterprising Vladivostok squadron. On August 14, the three great cruisers, *Rossia*, *Rurik*, and *Gromoboi*, attempted to dash through the Korea Strait, where he was on guard. Their approach was signaled by wireless telegraphy, and Kamimura caught them, sank the *Rurik*, and chased the *Rossia* and *Gromoboi* back to Vladivostok, which they reached

in a disabled condition. Thus this dreaded force disappeared from the estimates of Russian naval strength.

In October, after the war had been dragging on for eight months, the Baltic fleet, which might have changed the balance of power if it had started earlier, got under way for the East. Part of it, under the commander-in-chief, Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky, went around the Cape of Good Hope, and a division under Rear-Admiral Voelkersam through the Suez Canal. The two divisions were expected to unite at some point in the Indian Ocean and proceed to Port Arthur or Vladivostok. The destruction of the Port Arthur squadron left them nothing to join there, and relieved Togo of the necessity of keeping his main force on blockading duty. The bulk of the Japanese fleet immediately went home to refit, and in December Togo sent a force southward, either to intercept or to observe the Baltic vessels.

THE POWERS AND THE WAR

FROM THE BEGINNING of the war the chief anxiety of the neutral powers was to keep it localized.

Secretary Hay took a long step in this direction on the very day of the outbreak of hostilities when he asked a promise from both belligerents, as well as from the other powers, to respect the neutrality and what he called the "administrative entity" of China. The pledge was given, and that averted the danger of a general scramble for Chinese territory. More complications were caused from time to time by Russia's



THE LYNCHING AT STATESBORO, GEORGIA

Two negroes, William Cato and Paul Reed, convicted of murder, were seized by a mob in the court house and burned at the stake, August 16

tendency to exaggerate her belligerent rights, especially in her pretension to treat coal, provisions, and structural iron destined for Japanese ports as contraband. But the United States, backed by Great Britain, stood firmly for the principle that such goods were not contraband, except conditionally—that is to say, when they were intended for military or naval use—and Russia finally yielded the point. A new crop of difficulties sprang up with the sailing of the Baltic fleet. On the night of October 21-22, the Russian warships passed the Hull trawling fleet on Dogger Bank in the North Sea and opened fire, killing two men, wounding twenty, and sinking one of the fishing vessels. For a time war between Russia and England, which might have involved all the great powers of the world, seemed inevitable. An agreement was finally reached, however, for an international inquiry, to be conducted by a commission of five naval officers of high rank—one British, one Russian, one French, one American, and a fifth to be selected by these four.

The Baltic fleet proceeded on its way, coaling from its own colliers in French colonial harbors. This caused more friction, the Japanese believing that such a use of neutral ports was a violation of international law. It was suggested that the French action might be treated as an intervention in the war, entitling Japan to call upon England for the fulfilment of her obligations under the treaty of alliance.

REFORM IN RUSSIA

THE DISASTERS OF THE WAR stirred up the forces of discontent in Russia and weakened the energy of repression. General Bobrikoff, the tyrannical Governor-General of Finland, was shot dead by a Finnish student on June 16, and the reactionary Minister of the Interior, De Plehve, was blown up by a bomb on July 28, but these outrages were not followed by sterner measures of restraint, as would have been the case in normal times. On the contrary, concessions were made to the spirit of reform. The Finnish Diet was allowed to assemble, with a conciliatory speech from the throne, and the new Minister of the Interior, Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, adopted a liberal policy. He relaxed the censorship of the press, increased the security of the subject against arbitrary arrest and punishment, mitigated the treatment of the Jews, and finally permitted the presidents of the Zemstvos, or elective provincial and district councils, to hold a private meeting at St. Petersburg, on November 19. This gathering, the first national representative assembly ever held in Russia, adopted a memorial frankly criticising the bureaucratic system of government, and demanding popular institutions with a national elective legislative body. This medicine was too strong for the Czar, who rebuked the Zemstvo delegates for their presumption, but he granted some important reforms.

THE WORLD'S PEACE

THE MANCHURIAN OBJECT LESSON in the horrors of war has given a new impetus to the cause of universal peace. All the great neutral powers have been anxiously taking precautions against the possibility of being dragged into the struggle in Asia. Although France and England are allies respectively of Russia and of Japan, they have concluded a treaty settling all their outstanding differences and practically ensuring themselves against the danger of having to fight each other. England and Germany have arranged a treaty of arbitration, and fourteen similar treaties have been agreed upon among the various powers of the world. America has taken an active part in the general peace movement. It was on Mr. Hay's initiative that the war in the East was localized by an agreement to respect the neutrality of China. Arbitration treaties with the principal powers of the world have been concluded, and are now waiting the approval of the Senate. Finally, the President has secured the approval, in principle, of almost all the signatories of The Hague Convention for a call for a second Peace Conference, which it is hoped will lead to an effective permanent organization of the nations of the earth.

SCIENCE IN FLUX

THE NEW YEAR finds the scientific world in a state of revolution. The fundamental conceptions of matter, energy, and life are questioned. Since Röntgen discovered the X-rays nine years ago, and Becquerel found, the next year, that uranium sent off rays that behaved in the same fashion, the phenomena of radio-activity have been the most fascinating subjects of physical research. Sir Oliver Lodge now ventures to make the positive assertion that "matter is composed of electricity and of nothing else," and Sir William Ramsay can say that if, "as looks probable," the new hypotheses about the disintegration and reconstruction of atoms prove true, "the transmutation of elements no longer appears an idle dream," "the philosopher's stone will have been discovered, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it may lead to that other goal of the philosopher of the Dark Ages—the *elixir vita*." Investigations in this enticing field have been energetically pushed throughout 1904.

INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE

THE APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE to practical uses have been no less notable than the progress in pure knowledge. Perhaps the most extraordinary addition to the wealth and well-being of the world ever conferred by a public agency was the development by the United States Department of Agriculture of the method of soil-inoculation with bacteria, which tap the fertilizing stores of nitrogen in the air. The "vest-pocket fertilizers" distributed by the department cost practically nothing, and enough can be carried literally in the vest pocket to restore the most expensive element of a hundred acres of exhausted soil. The department has also developed plants that will grow on arid land without irrigation. It has created hardy sweet oranges and other new fruits. It has waged continuous war on the boll weevil that is devastating the Southern cotton fields, and has made hopeful progress through the encouragement of insect enemies of the weevil, the development of resistant cotton and early maturing seeds, and the promotion of early planting, improved cultivation, and diversified crops.

Mr. Luther Burbank, the agricultural wizard of California, has performed new wonders, such as the creation of a fadeless flower, a stoneless plum, and a spineless cactus, and the Carnegie Institution has made him a ten-year grant to enable him to devote his whole time to this promising field of discovery.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE Roosevelt Legend is rapidly taking shape. The President is a complex but not mysterious appearance. When he concludes his present work in 1908, his outlines will be distinct for a statesmen so young and so fertile in inconsistency.

No clearer folly was ever perpetrated than the attempt of a few conspicuous organs of the silk stocking and Wall Street ingredients in the last campaign to befuddle voters into the belief that Mr. Roosevelt was an autocrat menacing free institutions and pointing the way to Roman autocracy. The people knew that Mr. Roosevelt was a democrat in every way except inherited party affiliation, and that Mr. Parker was a democrat mainly in appellation. The people know a democrat when they see one. Cynics may observe that the masses, if unrestricted, would choose leaders who look like the majority and smell like the majority. That snobbery is no better than any other. The masses have a good deal more political sense than anybody else.

The President Should be "It"

When Mr. Roosevelt was painted as a tyrant and a law-breaker, they smiled or jeered. The only weapon to which he would have been vulnerable was humor, and profound and well-directed humor is scarce. Cartoonists who made him look like the Emperor William or Mr. Hyde only made fools of their newspapers. Those who showed him swinging on a bellowing elephant down the Pike, roaring, grinning, and firing a revolver,



"He's good enough for me"

By Homer Davenport, in the New York "Evening Mail"

ver, struck a reality, but it did not matter. The people like a megaphone. They can hear it. Nothing is more exasperating than a back seat and an actor whose voice only carries ten rows. Mr. Roosevelt's personal assertiveness begets confidence. He does not imitate his principles with ear attentive on the ground. The machinery inside himself is too audible for him to listen, as McKinley did, or to hear the smaller voices in the earth if he did listen. His own internal rumblings drown almost any other sound. What difference does it make if the President uses "I" ten times to the sentence, and, if made self-conscious, merely changes "I" to "We"? What matter if he is it? The people want him to be it. He is theirs. "It is a pity," said Lord Acton of Mr. Gladstone, "that he believes in his own immaculate conception." It didn't hurt Mr. Gladstone's popularity, even if it was true.

The great English Prime Minister had much in common with our President. There were differences. Mr. Gladstone had more intellect. Mr. Roosevelt is instinctive as a woman. Mr. Gladstone could prove the entire consistency in any contradiction. Mr. Roosevelt emits the contradictions, but lets them lie, knowing they will be no more important than last year's paper. A friend of mine, gentle as a lamb, has in his office a placard reading, "Look every man in the eye;—and tell him to go to hell." Independence and friendliness are fused in Mr. Roosevelt. He is a warmer character than Mr. Gladstone, though a less distinguished mind. He represents democracy in America better than any man since Lincoln, and much more thoroughly than Gladstone represented democracy in Great Britain.

McKinley's popularity, like his leadership, was more negative than Roosevelt's. His was the frock-suit school, which is passing now, with gesture like a states-

In the Review Number, to appear the first week of every month, Mr. Hapgood, who writes the Collier editorials, will take up topics which invite more extended treatment than the paragraph form allows

man, and other trappings which spell dignity. One of the strongest traits of Roosevelt is that he has none of the postures of an institution. What egotism he has is free from pride. He does no swelling on his monument. His mood, tone, and manner are those of the great Central West. He is what we love to print in capitals as a Man. Since the noble Lincoln showed his sovereign mind and tempered character in easiest undress, no American President has caught so accurately the zest of informality. It will be long before we have another Lincoln; for such apparitions visit the world but now and then—but we have in Roosevelt a master of the democratic bearing. He gives any side of himself to anybody. "A lot of fellows," remarked a philosopher on Broadway, "impose upon the President. He is a great hand to talk. A little joking, and he will write an inspired letter containing what the impulse of conversation has struck out of him. When you get the Rough Rider in an inspired mood, he is a great man to be inspired, but on the other hand, when he thinks it over calmly and deliberately, his inspiration cools, and he is not so badly inspired as he was. All these moods we see. Psychologically, McKinley had no private life. He was a statue in a park. Roosevelt has no public life. He is constantly parading around in his pajamas, which are becoming enough in their place, but which give some persons a shock."

The people like pajamas. They are an evidence of good faith. I like pajamas, too, and like the President, as nearly everybody does, who has met him, or who has not. There are in him a warm reality and truth which extenuate his most unvarnished words or deeds.

His instincts guide him. They shape his ends. If some one bandies in his presence words which appeal to his literary sense, he seizes them, and apparently is influenced by their sound; but they really only lubricate a tendency waiting for a path. "A square deal," when it crossed his ear, gave him acutest satisfaction. So, when he was Police Commissioner, did "Enforce the law because it is the law."

Within his range of modulation he can be swung by such welcome phrase, but in his larger tendencies he goes by instinct, as a carrier pigeon or a woman goes, and these larger tendencies coincide with public spirit in America. There are no two Roosevelts, and have never been, any more than there are two women in the lady who overrules to-day what she declared with passion yesterday. Logic is a small part of intelligence, and a smaller part of the worth of human life. Mr. Roosevelt has no logic and needs none. He is headed fast and hard for certain ends, and he will reach them. He does not lie awake nights thinking about breaches of consistency or order in the relation of deeds to explanations or descriptions. He does not lie awake at night from any cause. He sleeps. And his perfect functioning is the country's gain. He works much and well, and it takes a person of many activities to represent this land. In reaffirming the decalogue; in celebrating some commonplace volume like "The Simple Life"; in attacking race suicide, snobbishness, wife-beaters, weaklings, or cowards; in preaching at a hemisphere; in talking about his Irish blood, his Southern ancestry, his catholic sympathy, or his appreciation of the town of Dog Run, Indiana; in all this cauldron of aggressive living and expression, the President satisfies the popular mood, not by intention, but by miscellaneous vigor, as in his strictly executive functions he satisfies the general conscience by being the most constant, daring, and successful purifier of public life who has risen to meet the political methods which have developed since the war.

The Keynote of the New Politics

Roosevelt is a pioneer. The people are with him, but he has given the cue more than he has taken it. He began his career at twenty-four as a reformer. His public life has stood unswervingly for ethics. Even if he is appointing a corruptionist, or arguing in favor of war as a mode of exercise, he will give his view in moral propositions. He will exude an atmosphere of principle. The central note of American politics to-day, the note of the future, the mark of the new, is ethics. The old appeal to buncombe, to partisan emotion, to crude slogans of combat, is doomed, and along with it the old methods of organization, barter, and neglect of spiritual appeal. The issues used victoriously by La Follette and Folk are what the American people want. They want a moral reality and a moral tone; and Theodore Roosevelt is the only statesman, alive or dead, in reading whose speeches you will find the exact note struck which is the note of to-day toward reform, the note which other politicians, all over the country, are beginning to use. He struck it, not from profundity of insight, but because it was himself, and because the instinctive demon which leads him on has told him always to trust the stirrings of his soul and body. In matters of strict intellectual analysis, like the details of tariff schedules, or the intricacies of commerce, he sees dimly and proceeds with caution. In pervading moral tone, in the naked confidence with which he fol-

lows his intimate beliefs, he is strong with the forces of the masses and the time. To be moral in politics means to be for the people, whether it leads against bosses, corporations, Senators, or newspapers; and the people know themselves to be Mr. Roosevelt's chief interest and his last reliance. It is no wonder that they love him. His fight has been their fight. He has done more, with the constant aid of Providence, than any ten other men, between 1888 and 1905, to free the people's voice and give expression to ideals of to-day's American democracy. Only three Presidencies since the war have left a striking mark upon the country. McKinley, in his tact and gentleness, embodied one of Lincoln's many sides. He helped to heal old wounds and diplomatically secured some virtuous laws. Grover Cleveland's stubborn courage has already been built into an ideal remembrance, one of those idealized facts which guide and befriend the nations. History may allow Mr. Cleveland to loom largest of our recent Presidents. It depends on Roosevelt and his destiny. Fate swept McKinley and Hanna from his path, even as Generals January and February win their victories in war. She has been his friend also in gentler mood. If he continues to receive her help, and to deserve it; if for four years he speaks with the people's better voice, he will look a taller President to posterity than any since the fatal shot of Booth. He is committed to retirement in 1908. Bowing with manly taste to a disputable convention, he avoids a seeming lack of loyalty to the people. On 1912 are no such fetters. To be nominated in 1908 he might rely on politicians. To be recalled in 1912, or any time in two decades, would mean that the people had spoken, and only they. And that glory is the possible reward of brave and powerful leadership.

The President's Qualities

The President will not remake himself for anything that I or a thousand other onlooking men may say. We can only hope that in his instinct-guided and useful race through life he will do each year more of good and less of evil. The evil is trivial, but it lowers the personality which is to remain in story. Success is a great and beneficent, but not an only, god. Great also, and beneficent, are self-respect and sturdy honesty, and the power to sacrifice one's self. Doing Things is the chief end of an Executive. But Being Things is something. It is part of the man as he is remembered. We are jealous of those on whom we place a value. These passing notes concern one who is probably the most useful public servant since the war. A true republican, a true democrat, a loud noise for righteousness, a fighter for the people's just enfranchisement, he is the strongest single safeguard—out of the million safeguards which our people are—against wildcat discontent and snakelike leaders of the type of Hearst. If wrongs of money are cured under leadership of calm and justice, brands will be taken from the forces of destruction. Young Richard II, when one of his followers had stabbed Wat Tyler, rode to the head of Tyler's frightened but threatening mob, and said, "I will be your leader."

Mr. Roosevelt is as busy as Buster Brown. He thinks that doing everything is doing good. In his case, and, on the whole, it is. The present writer, al-



"Here we are again!"

By C. G. Bush, in the New York "World"

though rather less than half Republican, would have voted for Mr. Roosevelt against any Democrat extant. He seeks the right and backs nimbly away from wrong. His watchword is the feasible, and he fights to win. He is surefooted, despite his prancing, and heedful, with all his clangor. He is right side up when he strikes earth. He is a little more than forty-six. Will he wear old age as accordantly as youth and middle life? We hold no secrets of the Sisters Three; but we fervently hope our hero's credit may increase in volume, like a ball of rolling snow.

A BOY AND A GIRL

By ALFRED SUTRO

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

SCENE.—The park of Lord Eynesford's mansion. Lady Constance is seated, staring dreamily before her; Willie Travers comes to her. It is a beautiful day in June.

Lady Constance (looking up). Ah, Mr. Travers! Willie. I've come to say good-by, Lady Constance. Lady Constance. Already? I'm sorry you have to go. Willie. So am I. But, you see, there's my work to be done—

Lady Constance. Ah, yes—work! I suppose that one has to work.

Willie. Some of us! We are apt to forget that, here. To-morrow I buckle on my harness again.

Lady Constance. We shall miss you.

Willie. Thank you—but of course you won't.

Lady Constance. At least I shall miss your lessons.

Willie. Well, I don't even know about that. I'm a very serious person—and though I'm only a youngster, I've a real passion for art—and to you it's merely a pastime, isn't it?

Lady Constance. I certainly do not regard myself as a heaven-born genius—

Willie. Heaven has done quite enough for you without that! But don't imagine I haven't enjoyed those lessons. I've loved scolding you!

Lady Constance. I have never been so vigorously abused in all my life!

Willie. I've told you—I'm serious! And, as your teacher, could I allow you to paint portraits of men and women before you were able to draw—a jug?

Lady Constance. I have no ambition to draw a jug.

Willie. There you are, you see; but, out of deference to you, I made it a ginger-jar. I have pleasure in assuring you that your fifteenth ginger-jar showed marked improvement over its predecessors.

Lady Constance. I warn you that I shall now forsake ginger and return to humanity.

Willie. Paint the people here—your friends, I mean—you won't do very much harm. Let me recommend you to undertake Lord Tillenden's portrait.

Lady Constance. Why Lord Tillenden?

Willie. Well, don't you see, the essence of portrait-painting is to seize your sitter's soul, and show its workings on your canvas. But if your sitter hasn't a soul—

Lady Constance. Oh! You think poor Lord Tillenden is lacking in that organ?

Willie. I do. He is, as he is fond of reminding us,

the nineteenth Baron; but his eighteen ancestors can really not be congratulated on their joint product.

Lady Constance. He is very good-looking.

Willie. If I were a conjurer, juggling with eyes, and a pair of ears, and a nose, I would always ask Lord Tillenden to lend me his face.

Lady Constance. Why?

Willie. Because, if I happened to lose any of the features in the process, I could borrow another from the first person round the corner, and it would be sure to fit.

Lady Constance (smiling). You imply that the poor gentleman has no individuality?

Willie. What does that matter? He is a peer, and his clothes fit beautifully. He has no sense of humor, but his teeth are very white. He never reads a book, but I am told he is an admirable shot. He has no conversation, but he plays golf so well! He lacks ideas, he never reads a book, he never thinks—but his well-bred sneer is worth going miles to see!

Lady Constance. You surprise me! Does he sneer?

Willie. Lady Constance, I don't know how many generations it takes to turn out a gentleman; but Lord Tillenden's ancestors have at least produced a perfect sneer. So polished, so urbane, so courtly! There is nothing one can object to, or even find fault with—I merely grow red, and feel my heart thump. Oh, yes, it's a great achievement!

Lady Constance. Why are you so bitter to-day, Mr. Travers?

Willie. Am I bitter? I'm vexed with myself. I should never have come here.

Lady Constance. That is scarcely polite.

Willie. No—is it? But I mean—well, it was the strange coincidence of my meeting your brother, when I was painting up there, on the Downs—and his inviting me to stay—I knew that I shouldn't have come—

Lady Constance. You are as cryptic as a minor poet! Why shouldn't you have come?

Willie. Because I'm out of my element. You've all been tremendously good, of course—but what business have I in this gallery? I'm an artist—I'm not a gentleman—

Lady Constance. Oh!

Willie. Well, I'm not—not as the people here understand it. My father's a merchant—the best man in the world, except that he wants me to go into the business, and I won't. And I'm poor. In town I don't dress for dinner—fancy! And I live on the two hundred a year the old man allows me. As much as Lord Tillenden gives his chauffeur!

Lady Constance. Lord Tillenden is to you as King Charles's head to poor Mr. Dick!

Willie (suddenly). He's to marry you, isn't he?

Lady Constance. I believe so. He, or Mr. Mallard.

Willie (staring). Mallard!

Lady Constance. Yes. Has he a soul, do you think?

Willie. If I had to decide between the two, I should give my casting vote to Lord Tillenden. If a woman must marry a man without brains, let her at least take one who has manners.

Lady Constance. Notwithstanding the sneer?

Willie. That, I suppose, is merely the hall-mark of his class. If London sprang into revolt, and took to guillotining the aristocracy, I can imagine him going very gallantly up the scaffold. And that's a quality. Whereas Mr. Mallard would hide himself in one of his father's vats.

Lady Constance. Very well—I'll bear your recommendation in mind.

Willie. And will you really let your family choose a husband for you—as they would a maid?

Lady Constance. Oh, I select my own maids! I'm very particular.

Willie. Whereas a husband—

Lady Constance. One must marry, you know—and really, what does it matter? Lord Tillenden or Mr. Mallard—Lord A, Mr. B, or the Marquis of C? It's not very important, is it? Our family's not very rich—and it's the duty of the girls to marry well.

Willie (grimly). Yes—I suppose so.—Well, good-by, Lady Constance.

Lady Constance. Must you go so soon? I assure you I shall miss you. . . . But you can stay another half-hour?

Willie. No. I should say things.

Lady Constance. Why not? Conversation is the art of saying things.

Willie. I should be rude.

Lady Constance. In that case I should meet your rudeness with my well-bred sneer.

Willie. I tell you there is something boiling within me—I feel as Vesuvius must feel when it's going to erupt. I'd better leave you. The lava might—hurt.

Lady Constance. I've never seen an eruption—and I've always wanted to. You look young—for a volcano!

Willie. Who knows whether Vesuvius, in his youth, wasn't a charming, benevolent, idealistic mountain, who wished well to all the world—only, when he found people around him so cruel and callous, he began to grumble and throw up fire and stones?

Lady Constance (laughing). Oh, really, that's funny! Then perhaps you think that the shark, let us say, would have been as amiable as the goldfish if men on board ship had never taken to whiskey?



"I'm an artist—I'm not a gentleman—"



"I know I'm good-looking, of course—"

Willie. You're right to laugh at me—I know I'm very ridiculous.

Lady Constance. Not at all. You're earnest, you see—we never are.

Willie. No. And I think it's a pity.

Lady Constance. There are so many earnest people, Mr. Travers! And we are both very young! How old are you?

Willie. I'm twenty-four.

Lady Constance. And I nineteen. You are five years my senior—and yet I am centuries older. You bubble over with enthusiasm and ideals—I am as placid as a river that knows its one mission is to flow tranquilly on to the sea. Your great desire is to do something that shall make you famous—my one ambition is not to be bored—too much. You are in arms against the errors and follies of the world—I am content to take things as they are, be of them, go with them—

Willie. And marry Lord Tillenden!

Lady Constance. And marry Lord Tillenden. Why not?

Willie (fiercely). Why not! Why not!

Lady Constance. Give me a good and valid reason, and I will not.

Willie. Will he not bore you?

Lady Constance. A little, of course. But then, when we're married, we shall see each other so seldom!

Willie (holding out his hand). Good-by, Lady Constance.

Lady Constance (ignoring his hand). Mr. Travers, imagine me to be the mob that is howling for your head. You must give it me, please, with a good grace. Sit down, and tell me why I should not marry the nineteenth Baron.

Willie. Because you don't love him.

Lady Constance. My two sisters, my cousins, have all married men whom they didn't love—and they are quite happy.

Willie. Happy! Can you, a girl of nineteen, imagine, that there can be happiness where there is no love?

Lady Constance. Why not? I have never pretended that I had any love for Lord Tillenden.

Willie. Then why marry him?

Lady Constance. Because, as I've already explained, I must marry somebody.

Willie (impetuously). Do you realize that you are beautiful, that your eyes are like stars, that your voice soothes the soul like water falling on rocks? That your mind is noble, and that there are men who would give their life to feel your breath on their face?

Lady Constance. No—I can't say that has occurred to me. I know I'm good-looking, of course—

Willie. Good-looking! Oh, how I wish you could paint!

Lady Constance (smiling). My fifteenth ginger-jar—

Willie. The painter can see things. He stands before Nature, and Nature whispers—she tells him her secrets. Trees and flowers, the dawn and the sunset, the wind and the birds—these are his friends, his ad-

visers; and before them he is as a child, and learns the great lesson—

Lady Constance. Which is?
Willie. Love! Oh, yes, you are right, you are older than I! I am only a boy—you are a woman. Placid, you say, as the river that flows to the sea! Ah, but the river, the beautiful, silent river, is charged with a mission—it bears men and ships on its bosom, refreshes the fields, brings life and growth to the green things around it. You will not be like the flowing river, Lady Constance! You will be—shall I tell you?—like the lake in this park of yours—the lake men have made, not God—a mere pool, water that flows no-whither—

Lady Constance. And as shallow. Dear artist, I am shallow!

Willie. You are not! You know you are not! You called me bitter—the truth is, you are far more bitter than I! You have long known all I have told you—but you have trained yourself to laugh, and to think you are wise. Only that is not wisdom. The humblest country lass who waits in the dusk for her lover is wiser by far than you!

Lady Constance. Mr. Travers!

Willie. Yes, yes, be angry! I wanted you to be angry!

Lady Constance. There are—limits.

Willie. None, between you and me. Because now you are not the Marquis's daughter, or I the merchant's son—we are man and woman, or rather, a boy and a girl, on our knees before one of life's essential problems; we are confronting the greatest joy there is on this earth—and I tell you, you whom I love—

Lady Constance. Mr. Travers!

Willie. Whom I love—yes! I have said it, and say it again! Ah, the beautiful world! Yes, I love you: I loved you the very first time I saw you. I loved you because you were beautiful, and I so grateful for your beauty! It was to me as the dew to the grass, as dawn to the birds. And I loved you for your mind, your noble and generous mind; for the poetry in you, the sweet, tender thoughts—I loved you because you were you! . . . Ah, now I had better go, had I not?

Lady Constance (her eyes averted). I am afraid so.

Willie. I told you the trees, the wind, the sky, all taught me a lesson. Do you ever look at the stars? Do you think of the millions of years they have lived—of the millions of years before them, and after? See the blue overhead—where does it begin, and where end? Those mountains—how many eons have gone to build them? And when you think of all this, what part do your motor-cars play, your carriages, footmen, boxes at the opera, diamonds, Paris frocks?

Lady Constance (demurely). Unfortunately one can not dress in a star or ride on a moonbeam.

Willie. No—but one should not pawn one's soul for these gewgaws! We are up on the hilltop now, you and I—far above all the trifles that people below rate so highly. You are no longer the Marquis's daughter, but merely the woman I love. . . . Lady Constance, why should you not marry me?

Lady Constance. I never was good at guessing conundrums.

Willie. I have been so afraid of you till to-day!—Constance, I love you!

Lady Constance. That is really most good of you.

Willie. I have a tiny cottage in Surrey, that is large enough for us two. There is a garden in the midst of the fields, and beyond it the hills, always the hills, that rise and fall. Will you marry me, Constance?

Lady Constance. I'm afraid I'm engaged—for this dance.

Willie. To Lord Tillenden—or Mr. Mallard! You are not engaged—you are free! And life isn't a dance—it is a serious thing—

Lady Constance. To you—but not to me. The stars, as you say, are wise—but they are so old! Had I lived for a million years I should probably marry you—but you see I am only nineteen.

Willie. Do you not love me?

Lady Constance. I like you, of course, very much. But love—what is love? Oh, you are ready to tell me—and derive pretty similes from the bees that make honey, the flowers, and so forth—

Willie. Do you not love me, Constance?

Lady Constance. Have I not told you?

Willie. Constance, Constance, does your name mock you? Have you not shown me you loved me, a thousand times?

Lady Constance. That is a grave accusation! When have I done this?

Willie. By your eyes.

Lady Constance. How wrong of them! But a woman's eyes should never be trusted—they are mirrors that merely reflect what they see before them. I was aware, of course, that you liked me—

Willie. You can say it so coldly!

Lady Constance. Why not? It was pleasant! I pictured myself the King's daughter, whose hand was to go to the knight who overcame all the others—in talk.

Willie (blankly). Talk!

Lady Constance. You do talk exceedingly well.

Willie. And you think I don't mean what I say?

Lady Constance. I am sure that you do, when you say it. But—let us climb down, for a moment, from that hilltop of yours and descend to the valley. Mr. Travers, you ask me to marry you, and live on the two hundred a year that your father allows you?

Willie. There are times when I sell a picture. And one requires so little! What is it one needs, after all?

Lady Constance. Well—to begin with—clothes.

Willie. The body needs covering, of course—but have the light of love in your eyes, and you shall outshine all women!

Lady Constance. The clothes question is settled. Then there is food.

Willie. Food is cheap.

Lady Constance. It has to be cooked.

Willie. Shall we, do you think, as we sit in the evening together, the day's work done, require a dinner of nine courses?

Lady Constance. Still we shall want to dine.

Willie. I have an old woman who does for me. She is—elementary, it is true. But then—

Lady Constance. What should I do all the day, while you were painting?

Willie. You shall paint too—we shall spend every hour together.

Lady Constance. The first month perhaps—but in ten years!

Willie. We shall be ten years older—and love each other ten times more!

Lady Constance. My hands would be red with washing the dishes, my face freckled, my complexion gone and my temper soured.

Willie. You will have come nearer to Nature, and be more beautiful than you are now.

Lady Constance. I am fond of music—I should miss the opera.

Willie. The nightingale sings at night—we shall listen together.

Lady Constance. Does it ever rain in Surrey?

Willie. When it rains we shall sit by the window, and read poetry to each other.

Lady Constance. Idyllic! Have you room, in your cottage, for my maid?

Willie (blankly). Maid?

Lady Constance. A maid is as necessary to me as a paintbrush—to you.

Willie. Why should you need a maid?

Lady Constance. She looks after my clothes and brushes my hair.

Willie. When you live with the man you love—

Lady Constance. My hair would still require brushing. And besides, I am fond of society. How many spare rooms have you in Surrey?

Willie. You are laughing at me!

Lady Constance. Well, just a little! See, you ask

me to give up everything I have been used to—the little luxuries that have become habits—music, friends, comfort—and bury myself in a desolate corner, away from the world—

Willie. With me!

Lady Constance. Certainly—with you. But why should I make such a sacrifice?

Willie. You would, if you loved me!

Lady Constance. You impale yourself now on the horns of dilemma. For it is quite evident that you do not love me—

Willie. Oh! Not love you—I!

Lady Constance. If sacrifice be, as you say, the proof of love.

Willie. Ah, I see what you mean! Yes, you are right, you are right! I have been selfish—I've thought only of myself! Constance, marry me—and I'll give up my art—I will! I'll go into my father's office—then I shall have money. I shall be rich!

Lady Constance. Give up art?

Willie (firmly). Yes.

Lady Constance. Think what it would mean! You would be in an office every day and all day, in the spring and the summer—

Willie. Do you not come first? I will do it—for you!

Lady Constance. Leave Nature and go to the city—pore over a ledger, devote all your time, all your thoughts, to buying goods cheap and selling them dear—

Willie. You will be there at night, when I come home!

Lady Constance. Think of your bitter regrets! How you would say to yourself, as you looked at me, "It was for this woman I made the great sacrifice—for this woman, this girl—"

Willie. I love you—and love is all. Yes, I will give up my art, the art that I love so dearly, because—I love you more! Art—what is art, after all, compared with love! Constance, are you still mocking? This moment is sacred—it decides both our lives. Your sisters, you tell me, are happy—can you believe it? Contrast the painted leaf with the leaf God made, the sculptor's bird with the full-throated, soaring lark! Constance, Constance, we are both very young, very foolish perhaps—but it is the folly God loves. When all men are wise, the world will come to an end, and the snow-capped mountains will nod and return to sleep! Oh, Constance, our stay is so short on this earth, this beautiful earth, with its springs and its flowers, its fountains and meadows! I shall work for you, Constance—

Lady Constance (gently). But I should not love you, Willie, if the artist turned trader—

Willie. Constance!

Lady Constance. No—I should not. It is the painter I love—

Willie (wildly). Then you do love me!

Lady Constance. Have I not said so? Come, let us go to my father—

Willie (catching at her hand). Constance!

Lady Constance. I, too, shall be glad to hear the nightingales sing. . . . They will call us a pair of fools—but my father is very wise—and he is not sorry—

Willie. What! He knows?

Lady Constance. Of course. I have told him. Three daughters, he said, had married for money—well, I am the youngest—

Willie. But I had not spoken!

Lady Constance. My eyes, you said, had borne witness—do you think yours were silent? Come—we will go to him. If he will not give up his art for you, said my father—but you have staid the test. . . . And you really could think that of me! . . . Ah, Willie, I too am tired of this life I have led. . . . I do not want to marry Lord Tillenden. . . . I want to be happy, too. . . . Willie, I love you, love you! Come!

(After a moment's happy silence, they go out together, hand in hand.)

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS

By FREDERICK PALMER

Mr. Palmer accompanied the Japanese First Army from the beginning of the land operations at the crossing of the Yalu in April, 1904, until the battle of Liao-Yang in September, his account of this great fight appearing in Collier's for November 5, 1904. As it seemed then that there would be no further movements of importance until spring, Mr. Palmer returned to this country and is now preparing a series of articles on National topics of which this is the first

THAT vast plurality is cutting both ways. Its stultifying effect on either party and on the proper functions of a republican form of government can be arrested only by the President himself. This he seems to realize. He is at the moment, by the fortune or the misfortune of his popularity, the best Democrat as well as the best Republican in the United States.

The attitude of the Democrats at the opening of Congress was depressing to the average citizen. Their defeat was so overwhelming that they saw only its ludicrous aspect. This was illustrative of one side of our American nature—of our quality of "coming up with a smile" whatever happens. It recalls the story of a man who was blown into a river by a cyclone. When he swam out and sat up on the muddy bank and saw his house and barn distributed over the landscape, he remarked: "This is so gosh darned sudden and awful that it's plumb ridiculous. I guess the paper in the parlor is spoiled and the bird-cage is bent some. I'm glad I could swim, anyway."

The Democrats who were re-elected to the Lower House are happy to find themselves still members. Those who were not re-elected need make no excuses, except to say that the elements are beyond human control. After eight years in the doldrums, the Democrats

thought that they had at last caught a breeze in the late campaign. They had centralized their points of attack: The trusts, the tariff, and the Philippines. Anti-expansion was proved a dead issue. The people are against the trusts and for a revision of the tariff, but they elected a Republican President by a plurality of 2,500,000 to carry out their wishes. If Parker had done better than Bryan, or even as well, there would have been some encouragement. As it is, the cyclone has shattered Democratic ideas. The party stands before the country for nothing in particular; it is without definite policy or the power of constructive criticism.

Our forefathers never contemplated any such attitude on the part of the Democratic party or any other. Our rule is party rule. If party rule contemplates anything it is rotation in office. In one sense, a republic is based on cynicism, and an autocracy upon idealism. A republic recognizes the frailty of human nature, and that, given time, power will lead any set of mortals to inefficiency. The "outs" are the attorneys for the people. It is their business to attack; of the "ins" to defend; of the people to judge.

For the sixth consecutive time a Republican Congress has been elected. That means twelve years of Republican rule—a condition without precedent since the Civil War left one-third of the population unrepre-

sented. If we look at a list of the members of the House and Senate, we find that the line between the North and the South has not been so sharply drawn for forty years. Party rule contemplates a national party, not a sectional party. To-day the Democratic party belongs to the South more than ever. The only issue which will give it vivid and determined action is a Southern issue.

In the South, Democracy exists as a habit. In the North, in 1904, it prevailed only in State elections. We have become so accustomed to this anomaly that we do not realize how much it will mean to the historians in the future. Ability is not lacking among the Southern members. Let Senator Thomas C. Platt's bill for cutting down Southern representation come up for discussion, and the Southern leaders will show their old form of parliamentary attack. Thus far and no further has Democratic policy been indicated. On the questions on which the last campaign was fought in the North, the South is more than ever indifferent. This being true, how can the resistance to Republican legislation take a form which will impress the country?

In the House at the present time there are three notable Democrats, Williams, Cockran, and De Armond. Williams is a master in the use of the parliamentary rapier; Cockran is a voice, and distrusted as such; De

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Armond is a cool logician who does not
talk to the galleries. Two are from the
South; the third from New York. They
are geographically significant, in that the
Democrats draw their strength principally
from the South and from the great cities.
The Democracy of New York City is practi-
cally a local political organization. No one
ever thinks of it as national.

In the Senate there is Gorman. Great
things were expected of him on his return
after six years' absence. He has not con-
trolled the Democratic Senators; he does
not stand for any policy. He is one of
those Senators whom you think of as Sen-
ators, not as Republicans or Democrats.
Bailey, Bacon, Morgan, and Tillman are
real Democrats. They are from the South.
With the possible exception of Tillman,
if they lived in the North they might be
Republicans—on national issues. If most
Republican Senators lived in the South they
would be Democrats—on a sectional issue.
We are so familiar with this anomaly that
we scarcely realize its direful importance
in the workings of our system of govern-
ment.

In his speech at Spartanburg late in No-
vember, Williams practically said to the Re-
publicans: "The power is in your hands; we
leave it to you. We serve warning of our
attitude only on a single subject: The South
does not want its representation disturbed."
Senator Platt's bill said: "We are in the
majority; we have the power. You see what
we might do if you are troublesome." When
the South is prosperous and fairly satisfied
with the present industrial policy, there is
little temptation to be troublesome. Thus is
the absurdity of our division of national
parties reduced to the limit, which literally
puts Theodore Roosevelt, by virtue of his
2,500,000 plurality, in the constitutional po-
sition of a Democrat if he would serve his
country well.

Cloak-room confessions since the opening
of Congress show that the Republicans were
almost as much surprised as the Democrats
over the extent of their victory. It was
time for them to lose the Lower House,
and they rather expected to lose it. Re-
publicans of the deepest party dye like to
think that the indorsement was due to
complete public satisfaction with Republi-
can legislation. In the House, which is
nearer to the people than the Senate, the
folly of such a conclusion is more readily
recognized. The Republican leaders of the
House are men of commanding common-
sense. The House feels the pulse of direct
popular mandate. Every two years each
Representative must face the "thumbs up"
or the "thumbs down" of his constituents.
He can not afford to get so "far from
home" as a Senator. The original idea,
which meant the Senate as a check on pop-
ular passion, never contemplated the Steel
Trust or the Standard Oil Trust. It is the
Senate which will stand between the public
and any reforms that it desires.

Two Kinds of Senators

Senators may be divided into three
classes: Those who, late in life, have se-
cured seats by moneyed influences; those
who have made their fortunes indirectly
through their official positions; and those
with an inborn love of public life who have
risen step by step to high position. The
first might be called the *Senators de luxe*.
They are getting almost as common in the
Senate as in the British House of Com-
mons. The second class are the highway-
men. The third class are the statesmen.
The highwayman gets his credentials
from the Legislature, and takes his cue
from the trusts. He never forgets that he
has to be elected only once in six years,
and then not by a direct vote of the people.
As a Senator, he has reached the height of
his ambition. If he realizes his limits as
a parliamentary leader, his inclination for
money-making is the greater. It is the
highwayman who insists most loudly that
the victory was won by the policy of the
Republican party. He would gorge on the
spoils. He would neither revise the tariff
nor curb the trusts. If there were not a
deficit in the Treasury he would be for all
the appropriations and all the deals that
favor his friends.

The third class includes many masterly
minds of mature experience, possessed by
real patriotism. These men are not all poor.
Poverty is not a necessary adjunct to good
public service. The third class has always
to take the highwayman into consideration.
The highwaymen have votes; they are an
institution which frequently has to be re-
cognized by concessions, as fire is recognized
by insurance, and burglars and public dis-
order by a police organization. Their great-
est pride is that they are masters of profes-
sional political opinion.

And Professional Political Opinion is
equally cocksure in the worship of the god
that it enthrones to-day as it was of the
god it dethroned yesterday. Always the
Capitol is at one end of Pennsylvania
Avenue and the White House at the other,
and Professional Political Opinion professes
to be in the secrets of both places, and to
know "what the people will stand for."
There has been no greater somersault in our
politics than the change of P. P. O.'s view
of Theodore Roosevelt. P. P. O. had "the
mischiefous one" shelved when he was
nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Platt
had stood for him for Governor of New
York, because Platt wanted to beat Black,
who was trying to establish a machine of
his own. Then Platt had passed him on
to Hanna. In the same way, it was said,
the future President had been made Assist-
ant-Secretary of the Navy, in order to take
him out of the Police Commissionership
of New York City. On McKinley's death,



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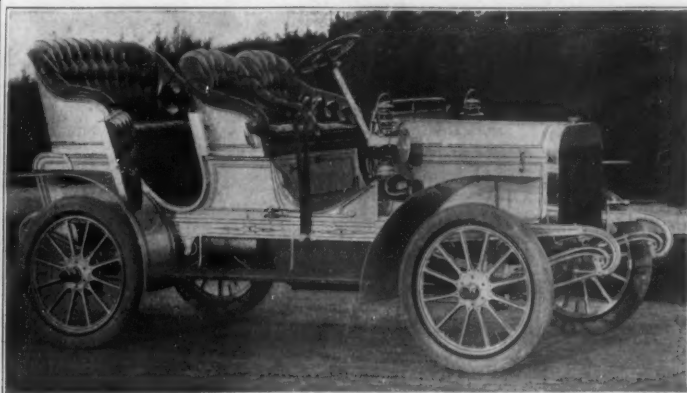
BY LOYD A. THOMAS

"THE Driver lost Control of his Car!" That's part of the Newspaper report of nearly every Automobile accident. The most important thing about an Automobile is its method of Speed-control. Mere Horse-power is secondary to this! Many cheap Motors develop high power, while they last—but they wear out in a hurry, and are unreliably controlled. Many Automobiles are controlled by expanding Speed-Governors. These have numerous wearing parts. They have revolving fly-out Arms, Springs, Gears, Belts, or Shafts, with special Levers to operate them. They work well enough, while new. But—Wear, Rough Roads, Overheating, or poor Lubrication, may put them out of business, at critical periods. Then there's another item for the Press. The Speed-controlling system of an Automobile can't be too simple. It can't have too few parts to get out of order. It can't be too direct, nor too Reliable. Even a Dare-devil Driver can do more daring things, when he knows he can absolutely depend on the Speed-control working at the precise moment, and to the precise degree, he needs it. This is where the "Winton of 1905" scores over all other Motor Cars.

The speed of the Winton Motor Car is controlled by Air-pressure. No Gears to wear out, no Springs to weaken, no Levers to stick, at critical moments. This is why Winton "Air Control" gives such absolute security. When the Motor starts running it at once compresses enough Air to cut off its own supply of Gas, in a half-minute. A Motor must stop running when its Gas is shut off. The Winton Cylinders can only receive Gas when you purposely spill some of the Air-pressure that throttles it. This Air-pressure is released (or spilled) by merely pressing your right Foot on a Pedal, beside Steering shaft. The more you press that Pedal the faster the Car travels. The less you press it the slower Car travels. Take your foot off the Pedal and the Car stops altogether. Isn't that simple, safe, and easy to remember, in emergencies? No Valves to turn, no Gauges to watch, no Levers to move. With this one Pedal alone, and using the high-speed clutch, you can run Four miles an hour, or Forty miles an hour, or any speed between these two. No arbitrary half-speed, quarter-speed, nor full-speed Levers to consider, in regular running. Your foot on the Pedal sets the Pace as perfectly as if you were walking or running. Think of the easy control this gives you—the freedom from risk or anxiety, and time saved in learning the Car. A Youth could run a Winton the first time he rode in it, with an hour's coaching. But,—no Car except the Winton can use this patented Air-pressure Control.

Then, there's the WINTON Steering Gear of 1905. Observe that it is not a Worm Gear like the others. The thread of a "Worm" Gear wears down in the center long before it does on the sides. Then you have "lost motion" in the Steering Gear. That "lost motion" makes steering mighty uncertain sometimes. It may lead to serious accident, in running through crowded streets, or close quarters. If you tighten up the wear on a "Worm" steering gear it is then liable to wedge in the nut, on short curves. That may land you in a Ditch. But there's no "lost motion," nor "wedging" possible with the WINTON Steering Gear of 1905. Because,—instead of a half-round Worm gear it has a whole-round thread on the Steering shaft. This works in a whole-round Nut. The thread MUST therefore wear evenly all around when shaft is turned to left or right. Your life may some day depend on the accurate Control this patented Winton feature gives.

Nearly all WINTONS have, in the past, had Horizontal Two-Cylinder Motors. These had to be placed under the forward seat. But this year it is different. The Winton Vertical Four-Cylinder Motor is placed forward of the dash-board, and under a hood, where it is instantly accessible. When you lift off its Aluminum hat, and turn a handle on Crank case, every working part may be seen at a glance.



The WINTON of 1905

Vertical, Four-Cylinder Motor

Pistons, Crank Shaft, and Connecting Rod, may be quickly removed, without disturbing cylinders or any other Motor parts. The four upright Cylinders are fed Gas by one Carburetor. No changing of Mixture necessary. The Carburetor is permanently set so as to produce one standard grade of Gasoline and Air Mixture, at all times, and all seasons. No experimenting with "Mixture" needed, and lots of trouble is thus avoided,—lots of adjusting saved. The Winton Speed-control supplies more, or less, of this standard grade Gas (Mixture) to the Cylinders, at will, but never tampers with its quality. All Four Cylinders are "fired" by one single electric Magneto. This is positively "car-driven," instead of chain or friction-drive. It thus gives absolutely regular, and continuous ignition, no matter how rough the roads, nor how great the vibration. No Dry Batteries, Multiple Vibrator, nor Storage Batteries—"Accumulators,"—needed. Think of the worry, detail, "tinkering" and expense this cuts out—the Simplicity it offers.

Under the floor-board (between front seat and Dashboard) is the Winton Transmission Gear. Lift up that single board, and you see the Aluminum Gear case. Turn a handle and the cover of the case comes off. Then you have, right under your eye, the three non-breakable clutches,—two forward and one reverse. These can be moved bodily, in a few minutes' time, without getting under sides, or body, of carriage. The Dust-pan beneath the 1905 WINTON is permanently fixed there. Because, there is no longer any need to look below the floor of the Car, or below the base of Motor, as all parts are reached readily from above. No other Vertical Motor Car is half so Accessible as this.

Now, Note the new Twin-Springs of the 1905 WINTON. Two Single Springs, one above the other—for light loads, and good roads. These give a motion easy almost as that of a Pullman Car. The lower Spring re-inforces the upper, for heavy loads. It prevents pounding of Car body and Motor, when running over rough roads, crossing Railway tracks, or "thank-yemums." The Twin-springs are shackled together at each end. They thus work together, but do not touch, except when carrying a heavy load, or bouncing hard at high speed. These Twin-springs double the comfort of riding in an Automobile. They add 30% to the life of the Motor, in protecting it from jar, pounding, and vibration. They take nearly half the work off the Tires. They make the whole Car lively, smooth-running, elastic in action, and permit greater speed over rough roads. These Twin-springs can be had on no other Motor-Car but the 1905 WINTON.

Another feature is the Automatic Oiler. This feeds Oil, to every friction-spot, in exact proportion to the speed Motor is running at. Impossible to siphon, or flood the Motor. The Cylinders of the 1905 WINTON are cooled by rapid circulation of non-freezing Fluid, through a fin Radiator. Behind the Radiator is a gear-driven Fan, and in the fly wheel is cast another. These two Fans pull the air through the pipes and fins of the Radiator so fast that the fluid is thus cooled much more rapidly than is otherwise possible. The 1905 WINTON therefore has the advantage of both "Water-cooled" and "Air-cooled" systems, successfully combined. Winton Style is proverbial. But, the 1905 WINTON is the most graceful design yet produced. People call it "the Winton Greyhound." Because, it has such long, racy, lines. Picture below shows the \$1800 Model. This has almost the same Power as last year's \$2500 Winton. But, it weighs about 1000 pounds less, so that it has more speed, per Horse-power. The \$2500 "WINTON of 1905" has a 24 Horse-power Motor. Length, 150 inches; Wheel-base, 102 inches. The \$3500 "WINTON of 1905" has a 40 Horse-power Motor. Length, 154 inches; Wheel-base, 105 inches. The \$4500 "WINTON of 1905" is a 40 Horse-power Limousine. Write today for new Book, to the Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. L, Cleveland, O.

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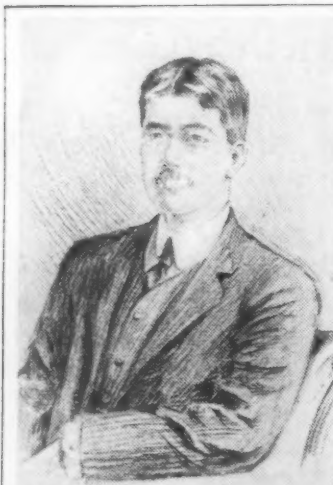
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P. P. O. had already dug Roosevelt's political grave. Only a year ago you could still hear men saying: "He's going to split the party. He may get the nomination, but watch when the votes are counted. If he is beaten, the party can start again in the old way."

All this meant that the President did not do things quite in the order of his generation. Politics has been an exclusive business for the knowing ones of our country, like that of Wall Street. You apprenticed yourself young and worked your way up. P. P. O. told you that when one party was out the other must be in, and, therefore, always a politician on one side or the other was winning. For President a man who could command votes must be nominated. Once elected, he was faced by his responsibility to the politicians on one hand, and his responsibility to the people on the other. The politicians had nominated him and "played him up." So they got the offices and pretty well what they wanted. He was at the head of a closed corporation. He had to depend upon the politicians as the Czar does upon his bureaucracy.

Although this is a government of the people, since the Civil War a good portion of our electorate has done nothing but vote on the final choice of the politicians, and not all have done that. Only a part of our best intellect has gone into public affairs (We find a great Attorney-General, Knox, and a great Secretary of War, Root, in men who had never been in office.) That is the fine thing about the Republic. You may throw a stone in any community and hit a strong man. As against a professional political hierarchy this element did not count. Grover Cleveland realized the situation and used a club. That is not always the best way to accomplish results, unless you want a row. Cleveland split his party. Some people still think that Theodore Roosevelt may split his. At present, the prospect is about as likely as that Emperor William will abdicate. Cleveland accomplished nothing except by veto. He left his party helpless as a constructive force.

Roosevelt, too, recognized the extraneous element. He chose a new method. That is always foolish till it proves right. Napoleon did such a thing when he took command of the Italian army. Bismarck did such a thing when he saw the tendencies of the steam age and considered German unity practicable. William II did such a thing when he decided that Bismarck had survived his usefulness, and dismissed him. When Roosevelt was told at the time of the Cuban Reciprocity bill, that he could not "buck" the highwaymen of the Senate, he took the public into his confidence in the manner of his well-known personality. He went past the bureaucracy to the people. He brought to the White House, representing the outside element, railroad presidents, lawyers, manufacturers, trades unionists, authors, everybody, and used them as a fount of information. This flattered them. He heard every possible point of view. If he were strong, if he could stand the test of their observation, they went home as his partisans.

The New Way

Meanwhile, he had done many little things which the little demagogic men among the professional politicians—who like to go on junketing committees and live luxuriously on public money—said would surely offend the "people," as Mr. Sulzer calls them. To mention an example, the White House was refurbished and the front door was no longer back door, office door, and front door in one. The President today has the same privilege that every other citizen of the country has. He does his work in his office and has his own private residence. In his office he receives more people than any other President we have ever had. He has better facilities for this than his predecessors had. That precedent is settled for the benefit of his successors.

At the same time that he estranged the highwaymen he also estranged the Mugwumps. The fault of the Mugwumps, who have done a great work in our country, is their dislike of popularity. They want a President who stands to one side in holy isolation, and instead of fulfilling his constitutional functions with the advice of the Senate, listens to the most exclusive circle of all. Then, too, the Mugwump, like old Athenian culture, is always looking for something new. It takes the place of bread and circuses for him. He lives in the hope of finding the perfect statesman, and he clothes each newcomer with glowing possibilities. He was a Tory in the Revolution; against Lincoln in the Civil War. He loves to find fault, and he keeps us thinking.

And the new method and new manner won. The 2,500,000 plurality represents a population four times that of the England of Elizabeth's time, and equal to that of Wellington's time. And, after all, to every man in public life plurality is king. Even your Senator *de luxe*, when he thinks of the money he spent and the newspaper opprobrium he suffered in order to get the bare majority of a Legislature, stands in awe of that unprecedented popular tribute. Your Senate highwayman would doubtless give up a portion of his fortune for the joy of being elected Governor of his State by a majority as startling as Roosevelt's. Professional Political Opinion, as wise as ever, will now tell you this:

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the crowd," said one of the highwaymen, "but he also eats all the hay."

The splendid thing about the 2,500,000 plurality is the possible utility of its prestige—of its magic, if you will—in the betterment of the Republic. To thinking members of Congress it has not been an invitation to wantonness; rather, it has had a steadying effect. The fear that the President had offended powerful interests, the supposed power of Wall Street in influencing an election, went down beneath the cyclone of the new method and the new manner. The late election, in which little money was expended, proved that when the people have quietly made up their minds a vast campaign fund is far less formidable than Professional Political Opinion had supposed. In New York State, where the local powers that be have enormous respect for Wall Street, the State Committee had a great deal more money than the National Committee to spend, with the result that the State ticket ran nearly one hundred thousand behind the National.

Professors! Political Opinion has found a new truism: that, hereafter, any party must be above suspicion so far as the trusts are concerned. If the public has no sympathy with radical and socialistic methods, which will cause a tumult in our industrial system, it, nevertheless, believes in sane and progressive regulation, and will have no halt in the work already begun. The people showed by their votes that they believed that the President was "making good" in this respect. On the tariff and the trusts he may be said to have stolen the Democratic thunder. This leaves him the duty of keeping the Republicans awake to the promises of their national platform. At the same time, he can bring about no legislation except through his own party.

Before the wonder of that 2,500,000 plurality, if you asked the man in the street about it, he would have said that control of railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission would be a good thing. But in the working of the machinery of our Government—the weakening of the pledges of election time under the shadows of the Capitol and the trusts—he would have recognized such a consummation as impracticable. Now, thanks to the 2,500,000 plurality and the President, this seems likely to go upon the statute books. An important advance promises to be accomplished quietly by working through the party. The revision of the tariff is a more difficult undertaking for many political reasons, as I shall undertake to show in a later article. What the country wants is revision; not that the President announce a programme which can not be carried out. He is showing himself a man of action, of results.

HUSTLIN'

By Edgar Ellerton

NOUGHTY-FIVE—sakes alive!
New Year's comes a'ready?
This old top spins round so fast;
Ain't no keepin' steady!

Noughty-four gone fer shore?
Land! it's mighty suddin';
That pore year was scarcely born,
'Fore he must be scuddin'.

In the draggin' hours o' school-time,
Every day seemed 'most a year;
Now I jest get used to cyphers,
When another figger's here!

Drulin', playin', lovin', workin'—
Time's the same fer you es me,
Livin's jest one awful hurry—
Hustlin' to eternity!

THE RUSSIAN NAVY

By HENRY REUTERDAHL

WHILE the sleepy watch is peering into the night and the drowsy officers 'are nervously pacing the bridges, the Baltic fleet is creeping through the darkness and toward possible destruction. Right down in the heart of the men, forward and aft, there is a premonition of the fate that awaits them, but not of its details. They sail to give battle in an effort to save the prestige of the Great White Czar. Their progress is apparently a trail of bitter memories, broken noses, desertions, and empty bottles floating in the swash of the propellers of the armada. Meanwhile, the crews of the peaceful cargo boats douse their lights, turn in, and pray to God that the watch may not be called by the bursting of a hostile shell.

The apparent rottenness in the Russian navy has come as a great shock to the public which, in the polish of the officers and in the building of monster ships, saw visions of a mighty sea power. Naval intelligence officers the world over were not surprised at its disasters, which came to them as a logical conclusion from the damning evidence pigeon-holed in their cabinets, and which showed the Russian navy to be a cumbersome, top-heavy machine without much discipline. And from time immemorial—even before Paul Jones went to straighten out the tangled threads of Catherine's navy—the conditions have been the same, intrigue and graft. The chink of

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rubles, the greased palm, made it the most inefficient navy of any world power, save possibly Spain. Many have tried to introduce reform, being convinced of its necessity, but with the reformers shunted to a billet in the Far East, which was then worse than exile, the "swivel-chair" admirals and grand dukes held full sway. The favorites of the Imperial circle, the friends of the court ladies, commanded the squadrons and occasionally piled a ship on the rocks in the Baltic. With shore service at a premium, commissions outside home waters, save along the Riviera, were equal to Siberia and Vladivostok, and were considered good enough for those not of the nobility.

Under such superiors, the poor, honest, stupid conscript is made to man the ships. Under knout and stick he goes through his winter drills in snow-covered drill halls at Kronstadt, and in the spring is sent to sea for practical seamanship and gunnery. He is punished for the slightest offence and punished unmercifully.

Graft and Inefficiency

And the ships, splendid—the best that can be had, calling for columns of discussions on Russian inventive ability and throwing naval experts into hysterics over armored bottoms and new types. Strange to say, the Russians have evolved some very fine things in naval architecture. They designed the first armored cruiser, the first destroyer of destroyers, and devised the modern distribution of guns.

But when the ships are built, an armor-plate or two may be missing or an ammunition hoist unprotected, and an astonishing coal supply decreased. And as they grow on the stocks the inspectors grow richer and less troublesome. The "squeeze" comes out of the ship, and she is not always up to specifications.

The *Gromoboi*, heralded as a nine days' wonder when first built, and which was recently hammered by Kamimura's fleet, is one of a number of instances. A competent critic who visited her, pointed out the difference between the real ship and the published plans that was startling indeed. And it was prophesied at that time that this vessel of some 12,000 tons would be defeated by any of the Japanese armored cruisers, some 3,000 tons smaller, a prophecy which was proven true.

Not long ago a big Russian ship was to be constructed, it would not be polite to say where. The builders were to have it all their own way. The only stipulation was that a certain sum was to be given to a high dignitary then in Paris, who, haunted by creditors, had given the order without even consulting the construction department at St. Petersburg. The admirals at home reared and roared, and did not want this new type, but the ship was built, probably the only ship built anywhere without home specifications, and the Duke got his cash.

That the conditions of to-day are little better is shown by the report of the present admiral commanding a certain station, a document almost without parallel in naval history. His officers are pronounced incompetent, unable to keep the ships in fleet formation, and failing in the understanding of signals. He found that several of his torpedo boats had made harbor during night maneuvers and without orders. When they were hunted up, the officers stated that they would rather stay behind the breakwater than flounder about "evolutin" in the open sea.

Personally, the Russian officer is the most charming of all seamen; his manners are delightful, his conversational powers exceptional, and he impresses you as a good fellow and a pleasant host. He is apt to consume a quantity of nectar that would upset the average equilibrium, but leaves him just a little happier, no more. Still, by the side of his charming manner stands his ignorance of the best of naval life. Unless he happens to be a specialist in gunnery or torpedoes, he knows little thereof and cares less. The navy to him is one of the two professions possible for an aristocrat, and he goes through it picking up little but an increase in girth.

The New Element

But there is to-day a new element, strong and powerful, which is fighting against the influences of the past. And one of the most forceful characters in the navy, Captain Wren, now admiral and fleet commander at Port Arthur, has been the exponent of progress and efficiency. His ship, the *Bayan*, stood with the *Novik* head and shoulders above the others, and had he been in command from the beginning, a different outcome might have been expected.

The retreat of the *Variag*, a cruiser of tremendous speed, which might have got away had her engines been in condition; the running away of the *Askold* to Shanghai, where she hauled down her flag under neutral protection, instead of trying to reach Vladivostok; the flight of the *Diana* to Saigon, do not speak well for the brains of the fleet. But officers and sailors alike die game. Their bravery is unquestioned. Yet to-day the smart man, the naval scientist, shapes the destinies of navies, and personal bravery is not sufficient for the winning of battles.

Should Port Arthur fall before the arrival of the various divisions of the Baltic fleet, the naval world holds no hope for the success of Rojestvensky. The ships that have not fallen by the wayside will meet an enemy flushed with the spirit of victory, and with ships fresh from their base. And in spite of the strain of continuous sea duty, the Japanese are bound to win, not so much because of their ships—on paper they are in the minority—but because of the brains behind them. And the dream of Peter the Great for the supremacy of the sea power of all the Russians will hardly come true in this decade.

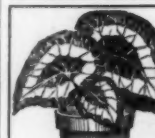


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Middle Western All-Star Team for 1904

By WALTER CAMP

Left End BUSH, Wisconsin
Left Tackle CURTIS, Michigan
Left Guard THORPE, Minnesota
Centre REMP, Wisconsin
Right Guard FAIRWEATHER, Illinois
Right Tackle BERTKE, Wisconsin
Right End ROTHGEB, Illinois
Quarter ECKERSALL, Chicago
Left Half HESTON, Michigan
Right Half VANDERBOOM, Wisconsin
Full Back BEZDEK, Chicago

THE selection of an all-star Western team this year is simple in certain particulars, notably in the positions of quarter and one half, for no one who has seen Eckersall and Heston play would for a moment think of making a selection of any other two for these positions than these remarkable players. After these two are placed there is more choice, but even then lines have been drawn pretty clearly, so that the position of honor might well be considered earned. In two or three cases the men are so close that it is merely a matter of opinion to clinch the selection, but thanks to the kindness of coaches, players, and critics, the selection below seems to be the one of merit.

Left End.—J. Irving Bush of Wisconsin is 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs just under 170 pounds. He is twenty years old and has had three years of experience. His work is particularly strong on defence, but he is of great assistance on offence.

Left Tackle.—Joseph F. Curtis of Michigan, just an inch short of 6 feet in height, weighs 218 pounds. This man is an ideal tackle, and although this is only his second year of experience, he has demonstrated that he is the choice for the place.

Left Guard.—Walton W. Thorpe of Minnesota weighs just under 200 pounds, stands a little over 6 feet 2 inches, with four years of experience. He, like Curtis, is probably the choice of every reasonable football expert for the position.

Centre.—At centre the problem becomes more difficult, and the position seems to lie between John Hazelwood of Illinois and Richard Remp of Wisconsin. Remp has proved rather the more active, his passing has been first-class, and it is because of his greater activity that he has the call. He weighs just under 200 pounds, stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and has had three years' experience.

Right Guard.—Here again there is a question as to whether Carter of Michigan or Fairweather of Illinois has earned the place. In view of the fact that Carter had better men with him, while Fairweather had to work out his own salvation, the place is more generally accorded to Fairweather. This man is a little over 6 feet 2 inches in height, just short of 200 pounds in weight, twenty-six years old, and with four years of football experience.

Right Tackle.—Parry H. Chicago would probably have secured this place had it not been for the fact that injuries have kept him from participating in two at least of his big games. For that reason the position goes to Wilson H. Bertke of Wisconsin. This young man weighs 190 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches in height. He has had three years' experience, is strong on attack, good on breaking up interference, and is very hard to box.

Right End.—C. J. Rothgeb of Illinois has earned this position. He is a big man for an end, stands a little over 6 feet, and weighs 190 pounds, but with his four years' experience he is able to handle himself well, is quite powerful enough to meet any kind of interference, and is himself a first-class man at carrying the ball to a point that he was called upon to do many times in relief of the other backs in the team.

Quarter-back.—Walter H. Eckersall of Chicago has no equal in the position. Weighing just under 190 pounds, but very compactly built, as he stands but 5 feet 6 inches in height, a wonderful kicker both of punts and drops, a good general, handling the ball well, a sure tackler, a fast runner, he has all the requirements for the position.

Left Half-back.—Martin H. Heston of Michigan, standing 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighing 180 pounds, four years' experience, never injured, running under 10 1/2 seconds, has yet to meet his equal East or West.

Right Half-back.—E. J. Vanderboom of Wisconsin, of equal weight with Heston, a couple of inches taller and three years' experience, makes as good a mate for Heston as could be found. He is strong on defence and a powerful line breaker.

If a man were needed to replace either of these two, Hammond of Michigan would do it well, although not equal to the pair named. At full-back the question is a difficult one, Bezdek of Chicago and Longman of Michigan being both good men, but the preponderance of favor seems to be with Bezdek, who stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs 176 pounds, and is a fighter for distance. Given equal opportunities in his way of assistance or thrown entirely upon his own efforts, Bezdek will take the more ground.

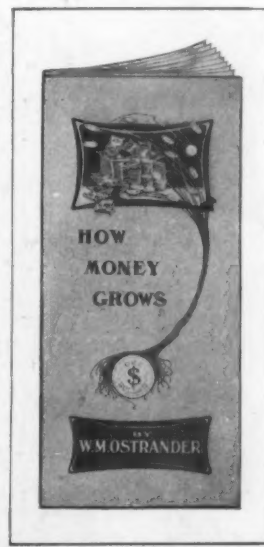
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the Highest Grade Typewriter Ever Offered the Public**

Correspondence: The Fox Typewriter is universally acknowledged as the typewriter par-excellence for letter writing, its short key dip, light touch (25 to 50 per cent lighter than others), easy carriage action, compact universal keyboard and the wonderful way in which the alignment is always maintained explains why in every competitive test where quality is the deciding point the Fox wins out.

Speed Writing: Every Fox Typewriter is capable of the highest speed, and the escapement of the machine can be changed at the will of the operator from "regular" to "high speed." No more fast operators with a slow machine if the Fox is used.

General Utility: In thousands of offices there is not sufficient billing or invoice work to require a typewriter strictly for that purpose. (We have a special machine for invoice work entirely.) The machine shown above does everything. The Fox tabulator which is attached to it, in no way detracts from the speed of the machine for letter writing, but it enables the operator to do all kinds of invoice and billing work with equal speed to letter writing, instantly and without looking, placing units under units, tens under tens, hundreds under hundreds and so on up to one hundred millions.

Credits: Credits or any special notations can be inserted in a different color instantly, simply by touching a button which shifts the second color on the ribbon into printing position, the ribbon having two colors as shown in the border of this advertisement.

Carbon Copies: The great manifolding power of the Fox Typewriter makes it possible to make as many carbon copies as are required.

Card Writing: A card holding attachment is provided making it possible to write postal cards of any size in card index systems and to the extreme edge or bottom of the card.

Mimeograph Stencils: A small device is provided for throwing the ribbon mechanism out of gear so that the stencils can be cut without removing the ribbon or even disturbing it.

The Advent of this Machine with its Wonderful Capacity Marks the Departure of Pen Written Bills of Every Kind in any Office where Legibility, Speed and Accuracy are a Consideration.

We desire to acquaint you with this wonderful machine. We want you to try it in your office and see the wonderful saving it will effect over the methods you have in use at the present time.

This trial can be made entirely at our expense. An expression on your part that you are willing to investigate will bring a machine to any responsible firm.

Our new 1905 catalogue describes the Fox Typewriter in detail. Send for it.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.

Factory and Executive Office

470-570 North Front Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Branch Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities

